



**WIFE-SWAPPING--** A REPORTER'S EYEWITNESS REPORT!

# REAL MEN

**14 EASY WAYS YOUR  
"BEST FRIEND"  
CAN CHEAT YOU  
AT GAMBLING!**

12th  
YEAR OF  
PUBLICATION

AUG. 35¢ PDC

## SEX THOUGHTS OF WOMEN

*How You Can Read Them!*

**ONE HOUR  
TO STOP THE  
NAZI RAPE OF  
ST. ROMAIN!**

**TRAPPED** ON AN  
ISLAND WITH **40**  
**NYMPHO  
BRIDES!**



# WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

**MR. OLYMPIA**



Larry Scott, "Mr. Olympia," was a 130-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! How about you?

**MR. UNIVERSE**



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slab—weighing 265 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 35-inch chest, 32-inch waist! A real champ! Why wait? Rush!

**MR. UNIVERSE**



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny, only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! Why not you?

## THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS—4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 13 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or fanniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle: before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these

champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1935. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

### ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



**JOE WEIDER, Dept. 61-87P**  
Trainer of Champions since 1936  
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Since the works I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 10¢ to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

**NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!**



Here's the kind of body I want (rush as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**



**JOE WEIDER**  
Personal trainer of "Mr. America," "Mr. Universe," "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1935 and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!



## This man is a "security risk"!

**Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$95 a week.**

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and

children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

Don't you be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515

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## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS I.C.S.

Dept. 09085E Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P.O. Box 418, Honolulu.) Special Canadian courses available in French and English.

Yes, I want to know about how I can get ahead through I. C. S. Rush me FREE Success Kit with 3 valuable booklets: "How to Succeed," opportunity booklet on the field I've checked below, actual sample I. C. S. lesson. (Special WICS booklets for women.)

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- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
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- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints

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- ☐ Power Plant Eng'n'g
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- ☐ Legal Secretary
- ☐ Medical Secretary
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist
- ☐ SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship-Sup'v'n
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'n
- ☐ TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio & TV Servicing
- ☐ Radiotelephone License
- ☐ MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (Please specify)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please indicate whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.) \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Employed by \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.  
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# REAL MEN

VOLUME 11, NUMBER 4

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REAL MEN, Volume 11, Number 4, Aug. 1967, is published monthly by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at Sparks, Ill., and additional mailing offices. Copyright 1967 by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC. Single copy 35¢; subscription rate \$4.20 per year. All material submitted at sender's risk. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts or photos, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative, LEONARD GREENE ASSOCIATES, 180 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Printed in U.S.A.



## A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!



Charles Atlas  
"World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man"

One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: "Never will I let any man hurt me again."

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas — and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the tiger keep in physical condition? You never see him with a barbell!"

### Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of "Dynamic-Tension" — the system that uses no weights or apparatus — available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life — and since has changed the lives of so many others!

Charles Atlas Towing  
Broadway Limited Ob-  
servation Car 112 ft!



# I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You  
Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BE-  
LOW . . . and I'll Show You How  
EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings — turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE — is simply my job. But my secret does work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders — a magnificent "barrel" chest — more powerful arms and legs — a mid-



section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want — RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

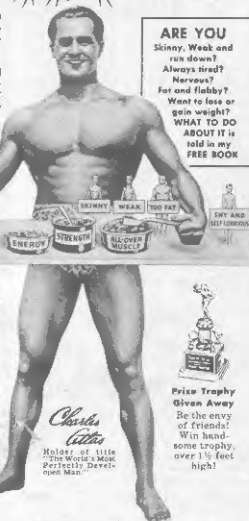
### From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### "Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret — "Dynamic-Tension" — is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES — gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!



Charles  
Atlas  
Holder of title  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Devel-  
oped Man."

### ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and  
run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Fat and flabby?  
Want to lose or  
gain weight?  
WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT IT is  
told in my  
FREE BOOK



Prize Trophy  
Given Away  
Be the envy  
of friends!  
Win hand-  
some trophy,  
over 1½ feet  
high!

**FREE** My 32-Page Book ■ Yours  
Not \$1.00 or 10¢ — But FREE

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life — and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept.  
3388, 115 East 23rd St.,  
New York, N. Y. 10010

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 3388, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Weight — Solid — in the Right Places
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

In England: Charles Atlas, Chitty St., London, W.1

# REAL MEN

# SCOREBOARD

ASKED BY police why he fired a revolver 47 times at 4:30 A.M. in his room, a San Antonio, Texas, man explained that he was "repelling an invasion of cockroaches."

After arresting a 15-year-old boy and charging him with robbing his stepfather of \$28 at gunpoint, London police searched the lad's belongings and found this entry in the youngster's diary: "Day off, go home and kill Mum and Dad, then take money..."

Mrs. Jimmie Lee White, a gentle Texas lady shot her husband dead with her six-gun—in self-defense she claimed—then applied to the insurance company for her late spouse's money. When



the firm refused, she went to court and won her case when Houston's Federal judge ruled that she is entitled to the insurance as the man's widow, even if the company doesn't think so.

In Mexico City, Federal police, launching a "depersonalization" drive, announced that, according to their estimate, at least 10,000 persons in the city carry arms daily!

Practicing a fast draw with a holster strapped to each hip, a Newhall, Cali-



fornia, man grabbed for his six-shooters, squeezed both triggers before unholstering, and promptly shot himself in both legs.

In Durban, South Africa, John Williamson Ross committed suicide by putting a dynamite cap in his mouth and lighting the fuse. The reason for Ross' drastic action: he had suffered from chronic headaches for over 20 years.



A French judge is pondering the case of a citizen of Mulhouse, Alsace-Lorraine, against a shopkeeper who sold him a defective pistol. The plaintiff complained that the weapon failed to go off when he tried to shoot his wife and her lover.

A New York woman who shot her husband dead, blithely alibied: "I really did him a favor. I wanted to relieve him of his financial worries."



And another New York girl, after dispatching her boyfriend with a pistol said she had a good reason for it: "He was psychologically aggressive towards me..."

Fernand Moulin, of Mons, Belgium, tried to kill himself by tying one end of a piece of string to his cat's tail and the other to a rifle pointed at his chest. He then startled the cat, which pulled the trigger, seriously wounding him in the lungs.

Accused by the sheriff of knifing another man during an argument over a woman, a Cary, North Carolina, man grinned: "Yeah, I cut him up all right,

but my big blade broke and I couldn't get the little blade open to cut him some more."

In New York, a jobless chap went up to a pier guard and said, "If I had a gun, I'd kill myself." Trying to call the man's bluff the officer handed over his .38-calibre pistol and seconds later watched the man shoot himself through the head.

Asked why his tall girl friend shot him in the thigh, a North Hollywood, California, swain insisted to police that it was true love: "She had no other way of expressing herself."

Charged with killing his wife, a Venice, California, husband told detectives that it was all a mistake: "I meant to shoot my sister, not my wife."

One Texas cop could use some target-practice. He fired six shots at a fugitive and missed each time. In disgust, he threw his weapon at the crook and knocked him unconscious.

And in Petersburg, Virginia, the Chief of Police ordered his men to the pistol range after two detectives, lying in ambush in a frequently-robbled bistrot, watched two bandits escape after a battle in the course of which they fired 21 shots without getting a single hit.

A Phoenix, Arizona, resident was taken into custody by police after he shot and wounded a neighbor. But the quick-tempered one claimed to have had great provocation for his deed. Said he: "That guy kept yelling, 'Say man!' at me. And besides, he keeps goats in his yard."

A Dallas, Texas, police sergeant, sheepishly reported to his superiors that someone pried open his locker in



the station house and made off with his uniform pants plus a .38 revolver.

Performers appreciate the Broadcast Engineer's skill. He makes an important contribution to a smoothly-produced program.



## HOW TO

# Get an Exciting Job "Inside" Radio or Television...as a Broadcast Engineer

No college or high school diploma needed—just a Government FCC License. Here's how you can prepare in your spare time

**L**OOKING FOR A JOB with more money and more excitement? Become a Broadcast Engineer!

When you work at a radio or TV station, you're where the action is. You're in on news as it breaks. You hear new records before they're released. You often know the behind-the-scenes stories of important events. You rub shoulders with famous people in show business, athletics and politics. And you may get to announce news or music and become a local celebrity yourself.

There are deeper satisfactions too. In emergencies you help save lives and restore order. During the great power blackout of 1965, radio helped prevent widespread panic.

Yes, broadcasting is exciting. And breaking into it is easier than you might imagine. Right now, there's a desperate shortage of broadcast engineers—a job that pays from \$185 to

\$215 a week at big-city stations once you have a little experience under your belt.

### All You Need Is a License

You don't need an engineering degree to qualify. All you need is a Government 1st Class FCC License. If you have one, most stations will welcome you with open arms. In fact, *Radio-Electronics* magazine says: "If you can't get a good job with one...you'd starve to death in a candy store."

For some men, getting an FCC License is easy. For others it's hard. It depends on how much electronics you know when you take the licensing exam.

Our specialty is making it easy. For over 30 years, we've been teaching men electronics in their homes. No lost income—no classes to attend. Yet our graduates learn the electronics so well, 9 out of 10 pass their FCC exam. Without our training, two out of three men fail! For this reason we can back our license-preparation courses with our iron clad Warranty: Upon completion of your course, you must be able to pass the FCC exam...or your tuition will be refunded in full.

What makes our course so good? For one thing, we use AUTO-PROGRAMMED™ lessons. You build your knowledge of electronics the way you'd build a brick wall—one piece at a time. Each "piece" is small and easy to handle. And it rests securely on the pieces that came before it. It's easy to learn this way, even if you once had trouble with your studies.

And you get more personal attention than you might in a busy classroom. Your instructor doesn't merely correct and grade your

work—he analyzes your thinking to make sure you are staying "on the right track." Then he mails back your assignment the same day he received it, so you can read his notes and corrections while everything is still fresh in your mind.

### These 2 Free Books May Change Your Life

If you itch for a better-paying, more interesting job, the two books we offer may have your answer. One tells how to qualify for the many fabulous career opportunities in electronics. The other tells how to get your FCC License and break into broadcasting. Both are free. No obligation—just mail the coupon. It may be the turning point of your life.

### ENROLL UNDER NEW G.I. BILL

All CIE courses are available under the new G.I. Bill. If you served on active duty since January 31, 1955, or are in service now, check box in coupon for G.I. Bill information.

**Cleveland Institute of Electronics**  
1776 E. 17th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44114

Please send me without cost or obligation:

1. Your 40-page book "How To Succeed in Electronics" describing job opportunities in electronics today, including those in broadcasting, and how your course can prepare me for them.
2. Your book on "How To Get A Commercial FCC License."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here for G.I. Bill information  
Accredited Member National Home Study Council  
A Leader in Electronics Training... Since 1954

MG-2

### "I GIVE CLEVELAND INSTITUTE CREDIT FOR MY GOVERNMENT 1ST CLASS FCC LICENSE."



says Matt Stuczynski, senior transmitter operator, Station WJOL. "Even though I had only six weeks of high school algebra, CIE's AUTO-PROGRAMMED™ lessons make electronics theory and fundamentals easy."

After completing my CIE course, I took and passed the 1st Class FCC Exam. I now have a good job in studio operation, transmitting, proof of performance, equipment servicing. Believe me, CIE lives up to my promises. I really enjoy my work and I'm on my way up."

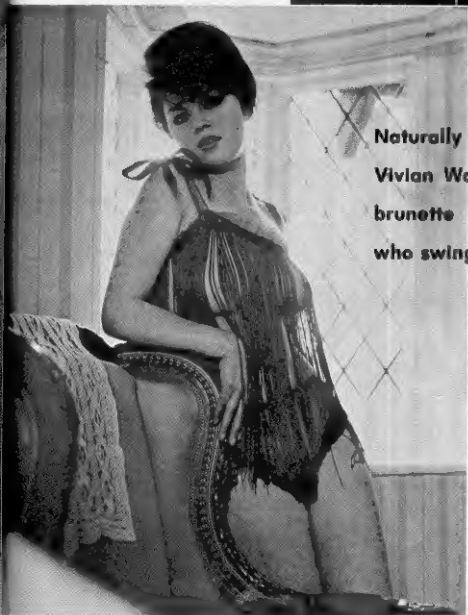
**CIE** Cleveland Institute of Electronics  
1776 E. 17th St., Dept. MG-2, Cleveland, Ohio 44114







# THE WARREN REPORT



Naturally we're talking about Vivian Warren, a vivacious, young brunette from Palo Alto, Calif., who swings as sweet as she looks!

# THE WARREN REPORT

Vivian Warren, just for the record,  
is all of 23 years old. She's 5'6"  
tall, weighs 119 lbs., has green  
eyes and tapes around at 36-24-36!

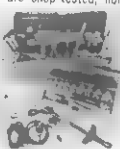


WHEREVER THE GOOD JOBS ARE... WHEREVER THE BIG MONEY IS, EMPLOYERS SAY:

# SEND ME AN NTS MAN!

Today, more than ever, the NTS-Trained Man is in demand. He has all the qualifications for a better job. He earns more money... industry needs and wants him, because NTS training is **ACTIONEERED**. It's specially planned to help you learn quickly, easily. All courses are shop-tested, home-

study designed, industry-approved. And, you enjoy learning while you prepare for the great opportunities that are always open to the "NTS Man." The four big career fields shown below are the fastest growing in industry today! See the coupon for complete list of courses.



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- ☐ Television Servicing
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- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronics Math

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# PICTURE OF **DEATH**



Congratulations to the City of Chicago! After 48 years they finally made it! For on February 23, 1967, Robert Hannah, pictured above was found dead in a snowbank. And his death was officially recorded as the 1000th Chicago gangland slaying, since 1919 when the official box score was started. How many other towns in this good old nation can make that claim? So all hail, Chicago!

Being shot is a messy way to die. But to the corpse, the mess is rather meaningful. He's found peace. He's found an escape. He's found relief from his troubles. Now it's up to us, the poor survivors to take over the job of cleaning up.



**\*ONCE DECLARED ILLEGAL BY GOVERNMENT... and PROHIBITED BY LAW... But BLACK MARKETED AND BOOTLEGGED TO A SPECIAL FEW!!!**

# NOW! "A STIMULATING DRINK" FROM A JUNGLE "EXCITANT" TYPE HERB...

*Gives almost instant energy... "stimulates" you both physically and mentally... and is completely safe!*

- GIVES YOU THAT WONDERFUL "LIFT"
- BUILDS INSTANT "SPURTS OF ENERGY"
- SATISFIES AND STIMULATES YOU BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY
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- RECOMMENDED BY WORLD FAMOUS PHYSICIANS
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- CREATES THAT "SPECIAL FEELING"
- SOOTHES NERVES
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- SAFE FOR MALE OR FEMALE

Yes friends! Now for the first time and only through this offer you can buy the wonderful exciting Herb leaf ground into a powdered form, that quickly and easily is mixed with water to give you instant energy when and where you need it most. Here's the true and documented story of how our product was first discovered hundreds of years ago and then taken off the market because of the miracle-like effect it had on humans.

## READ THE STARTLING HISTORY OF OUR AMAZING PRODUCT

Early in the sixteenth century, Juan de Solis, Famous Spanish Explorer, wrote: "that many Indian tribes of South America brewed certain tonics from trees and enjoyed great 'exhilaration' and 'relief' from fatigue." This same exotic drink produced a "feeling of stimulation" & Then in the 1800's the demand for this miraculous herb became so great that laws were passed prohibiting its sale—which then caused a tremendous bootleg and black market business to sell this wonderful product to the tens of thousands of waiting customers. The name of this much sought after herb in powder form we call "MATE-HERB". Yes, MATE-HERB gives you almost instant energy, soothes, even helps control hunger, stimulates you physically and mentally and provides a wonderful "lift" that so many people, MALE AND FEMALE alike, need and want those "Special" times each and every day.

## USED SUCCESSFULLY BY PRESIDENTS AND NOBILITY

Yes! People in the "know" all over the world are turning to this wonderful drink with so many remarkable qualities. This very same product it is said, was used and praised by Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt.

Yes, this sensational herbal beverage is nothing new to physicians and scientists the world over. NOW AT LAST THIS MIRACLE-LIKE PRODUCT IS AVAILABLE TO YOU. Experts have been published in respected journals everywhere including:

- 1-ARGENTINE IN THE AMERICAS
- 2-U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CONSULAR REPORT
- 3-BULLETIN OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION

## GUARANTEE

Try MATE-HERB for just ONE single day, and if you do not feel dramatic results immediately, you may return the unused portion anytime within a 30 day period for a Full Refund.

THE DERF CO.



**(IMPORTANT: Mate-Herb is not a harmful Aphrodisiac, nor does it require a doctor's prescription. It is not a pill, capsule or any type of vitamin formula. Mate-Herb is a concentrated powder unlike most anything you ever tried... you can be sure!!!)**

- 4-INTER-AMERICA
- 5-FOREIGN ARGENTINA
- 6-BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

.....AND MANY MORE  
A famous Paraguayan writer said "When we taste MATE-HERB our energies are renewed, our nerves are invigorated and our souls are comforted." THE UNITED STATES COMMERCE CONSULAR REPORT said: "Action of MATE-HERB is to arrest the feeling of weariness that comes from excessive labor of mind and body."

## RESULTS GUARANTEED WITHIN 15 HOURS

Yes friends we have told you we can about this amazing product. Now is your chance to try

MATE-HERB at our risk without losing a penny.

Here's all we ask of you. When your generous supply of MATE-HERB arrives in a "plain wrapper," follow the simple directions and after using MATE-HERB for just ONE single day if you don't feel you're ready for action, return the unused portion for your money back. What could be fairer than that? Our company doesn't say use our product for 7 days—10 days or 30 days. We say try it only 1 day and feel the "stimulating" results for yourself.

You must act immediately, so place your order today, for this offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send for your MATE-HERB today!!

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MIG-8

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SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s



**Tuberculin tests.** Three Federal agencies have recommended that instead of the compulsory school X-ray tests for tuberculosis, tuberculin patch tests be given. These agencies, all in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare are: the Public Health Service, the Office of Education, and the Children's Bureau. The Department feels that the value of mass X-ray programs should be weighed against unnecessary exposure to radiation. Under the plan recommended to state and local authorities, X-ray photographs would be limited to persons whose skin tests were positive for tuberculosis. In the skin test, a substance called tuberculin is applied to the skin by an adhesive patch, or by injection between the layers of the skin. If tuberculosis bacilli are present, a reaction will take place, such as a swelling of the skin.

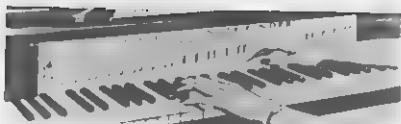
**Radiation.** The American Medical Association recently received a research report, showing that none of a group of 335 individuals exposed to radar beams has suffered any ill effects. Dr. G. I. Barron, medical director of the California Division of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, Calif., gave the report. Among the group, Dr. Barron said, exposure to radar varied from an occasional incidental contact, to as much as four hours daily. Some of the group had had regular exposure to radar for thirteen years. The employees were examined at intervals of six, twelve and twenty-four months in an effort to find sudden or cumulative biological effects from radar. A similar non-exposed group was also examined. Dr. Barron said the examinations showed no significant changes in the exposed group.

**Hypnotism in heart surgery.** A 14-year-old girl with her heart opened, was awakened on the operating table to demonstrate the value of hypnotism in surgery, a physician reported to the American Medical Association. While her blood was being pumped by a machine, the girl opened her eyes and responded repeatedly to instructions. The physician, Dr. Milton Marmer, said the girl had been put to sleep again by suggestion and had come through the operation without ill effect. Twenty days later, she left the hospital. The doctor stated that a return to consciousness while under open heart surgery is a good idea, because it allows the physicians to check on whether a patient's brain is being damaged while the machine is doing the heart's job. With hypnosis, he de-

clared, a smaller amount of anesthetic was needed to put the patient to sleep. It also enabled the doctor to restore her to slumber after once awakening her. The reduced amount of anesthetic minimized the toxic effects and prevented nausea afterward, Dr. Marmer said. Children between the ages of 7 and 14 are good hypnosis subjects, because of their heightened powers of imagination and their ability to play a role or create a fantasy.

**Thyroid and emotions.** Psychiatrists who have noted that thyroid gland disorders may go hand in hand with mental illness, have been baffled in their efforts to chart precisely which disorders produced what effects. A Manhattan group submitted a promising progress report to the American Psychiatric Association concerning triiodothyronine (known as "T3" among hormone specialists), by far the most potent of all thyroid hormones and their derivatives. T3 was given to 24 patients kept on a strict routine in a metabolic ward. Everything they ate, drank and excreted was weighed and analyzed. Most were schizophrenics; some were psychoneurotics. Nearly all were depressed (at times suicidal), emotionally unresponsive, resentful, uninterested in sex and depersonalized. (Common complaints were, "I am numb" and, "Everything I do is automatic"). Even in minute quantities, T3 made a marked difference in 14 patients (one showed no response, and nine others showed slight changes, usually a decrease in resentment). To the psychiatrists trying to make closer contact with patients for more effective treatment, the important thing was that the 14 became markedly more responsive. In many cases, the numb automatism disappeared. Emotions that had been buried in the unconscious came out in the open, and could be dealt with in psychotherapy. Far from being just another tranquilizer, the hormone brought out hostility and in some cases sexual drive in previously depressed patients, which helped the psychiatrist to pinpoint more precisely the emotional problems they faced. Because T3 may have temporarily disturbing as well as beneficial effects, the doctors see little place for its use outside a well-staffed psychiatric hospital. There, they believe, it shows great promise.

**Bursitis.** The persistent pain associated with acute flare-ups of this common affliction can often be relieved safely and effectively by aspirin or other analgesic drugs. If inflammation is severe, the doctor may prescribe ACTH.



## SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC

**You can learn any instrument  
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**TEACH yourself music!** Yes, you can - and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone - any popular instrument - you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

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This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so quickly and easily.

The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures show you just how to do it. These lessons are so well-developed and effective, you actually *teach yourself*. It's so easy that even a child can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

There are no tedious scales or other boring exercises to slow you down. From the very first lesson you start playing actual tunes from sheet music. As you progress, you'll be playing more and more advanced pieces. Before you know it you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life!

### Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how convenient and economical this

wonderful Course is. You learn at home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

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Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it well. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits, classical pieces, folk and country music, dance tunes - any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win new friends and new popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and really doing something you've always wanted to do!

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Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Mail the coupon below right now for our FREE 36-page book that tells you all about the Course and shows you how fast and easy this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a FREE Piano "No-obligation." No obligation. No salesman will call just mail the coupon TODAY to U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A3527 Port Washington New York 11050. Estab. 1898. Licensed by the New York State Education Department.

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**EXCITED DELIGHTED** I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this new method. Course that it's difficult to "go slowly." Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and make it my own time and speed!

Clara J. Napoleon  
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**PLAYS FOLK MUSIC** "I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead guitarist and accompanist."

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Linda Korte  
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Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me FREE your 36-page illustrated book "Now You Can Learn to Play Music in Your Own Home." I am under no obligation and no one will call.

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☐ Organ ☐ Saxophone ☐ Trombone  
☐ Piano, elec. ☐ Trumpet

Do you have Instrument? Yes ☐ No ☐ State

Instruments if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates

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Address

City

U.S. 100-100-100



The French girl lived but for just one purpose and that  
was to kill Krauts—and that she did with superb skill!

# ONE HOUR TO STOP THE NAZI RAPE OF ST. R.





The Yanks came into St. Romaine very cautiously, believing that the Nazis were strongly entrenched in the town. However, to their astonishment, the only resistance encountered came from scattered, ineffective German sniper fire.

# ROMAINE



by LEE MANN

■ "Shut your mouth and hold on!"

I grabbed the French resistance fighter one hand and desperately clung to the bell clapper in the Cathedral St. Romaine with the other. The bell was our sanctuary and our only hiding place, but the sight of Nazis scurrying around below was enough to send the twenty six-year-old, busty French girl into a low, growling tirade against the Krauts which I was afraid would damned surely give us away.

The Germans were directly below, moving up slowly toward the uppermost section of the big Cathedral. The girl was holding me around the waist and a damned stiletto

As Francine crawled under the wire, the German Colonel screamed. "Get her! Get that French pig! She's the leader of the Maquis!" Bullets spat around the girl.





# WIFE-SWAPPING



# A REPORTER'S EYEWITNESS STORY



**The party got wilder and wilder, with the sex kooks wrapping themselves around each others' wives and husbands in frenzied joy!**

by JAY SEYMOUR ■ For two dollars and a self-addressed envelope, an organization in Pennsylvania will send "to broad minded couples and couples clubs, next month's listing of get-togethers in your general interests and area."

The couples referred to are broad-minded in the sense that the husbands have broads on their minds, and the get-togethers are usually swinging little orgies dedicated to the proposition that it takes more than four bare legs in a bed to make a happy marriage. To the sex-kooks who belong to these "clubs", six or eight legs is a much more satisfactory number.

Although sex oddballs have always been with us, it is only within recent years that they have figured out a way to advertise their bizarre tastes on a country-wide scale. Coded sex ads in the personal columns of nationally distributed weeklies, double entendre song-requests to all night disk jockeys, and peculiarly worded letters addressed to the editors of certain newspapers are only a few of the methods in which recruiting for these way-out sex cells is accomplished. In a former expose, the authors attempted to determine the extent to which these practices had grown, and placed the following advertisement in a weekly scandal sheet which offered a package deal on a box-number and thirty words of copy: *Young couple interested in skin diving and stereo jazz invites correspondence from similar pairs. All letters answered.*

A total of 132 letters were sent to us in response. Most contained photographs of a lewd and lascivious character. We were deluged with psychosexual propositions from wife-swappers, sadists, exhibitionists, cross-dressers and a whole (Continued on page 40)

# TRAPPED ON A ISLAND WITH 40 NYMPHO BRIDES

by CARL BJORNSEN

■ Wildly beating drums echoed from the beach where the gyrating bodies of forty near naked girls were silhouetted against the red glow of a roaring fire. Tied to a crude bamboo post beside it, was a writhing white man. Sweat poured down his leathery brown face as heat from the fire seared the hair off his bare chest. Grimacing, he shouted at the girls in mission English.

The girls laughed, taunting him by sensuously curving their voluptuous, copper bodies close to his. They danced toward him, swinging their hips to the fast beat of the frenzied drumbeats. Tantalizingly, they reached for their lovers as if about to take them (Continued on page 43)



The girls had already  
killed my pal, Joe Pelton  
with their loving. Now  
it was my turn to die!



Flinto's eyes glistened with desire as she seductively waved her hips. "Flinto wants to show you good time," she told me. "I'm yours, baby," I said. "I thought of myself. Polton's got it made out here."



**Anna Mensotti has the fleshy, full bodied figure that one has come to associate with the Italian female. Anna is a model, dancer and actress!**



# **GAL FROM SORRENTO**







Anna diets, but only on a limited basis. "Men like a little extra flesh," she says. And that she's got. Her measurements? 38-24-36"l.

# GAL FROM SORRENTO



# GIGI ROCHETTE AND HER FABULOUS HOUSE OF JOY

These five lusty Latin ladies opened a Bawdy House that offered sexual delicacies that could not be duplicated elsewhere. No wonder men still talk of it in blissful whispers!

by ROBERT MOORE

SHE was tall, wide-hipped, exquisitely draped in a tight, black satin evening gown. It was intermission at Chevelly's, and the typically overdressed, wealthy, diamond-studded Opening Night crowd filed out to the lobby to be seen.

As the tall woman glided out too, men turned avidly to stare after her, to ask if anybody knew her. Women fumed in transparent jealousy and mention of the play was suddenly forgotten as the gorge-

ous brunette planted herself against a pillar and casually slipped off her black cape.

Revealed were two startlingly beautiful, bare shoulders, and magnificent, long, tapered hands that fumbled in a black satin purse for a cigarette. But more than anything, the men and women who studied her gaped at the fullness of her alabaster breasts protruding in the decolletage to near complete revelation. One man suddenly lunged forward.

"Permit me. (Continued on page 61)





# SEX THOUGHTS



# OF WOMEN-HOW YOU CAN READ THEM

By FRANK GILLON

There are innumerable tell-tale signs by which a woman unconsciously tells a male how he's making out with her.

Learn to know these signs and you've got it made, man!

By FRANK GILLON

"FOR SALE. New invention manufactured especially for the make-out artist. Just point the device in the girl's direction. Indicator tells whether she will or whether she won't. Guaranteed results."

It would like that ever appeared in the magazines. The hustler who ran it would make himself a tidy fortune overnight. For there isn't a healthy, normal male alive who hasn't at some time or other in his life looked for a foolproof way of taking the guesswork out of this whole confused business of making out with a woman.

Too often the glib male gives the big pitch to a seemingly sex-charged girl only to have her unexpectedly dodge behind an impenetrable wall of chastity or conversely, he gives scant notice to an apparently frosty miss whose core—he discovers far too late, alas—burns with a white hot flame.

Well, science is hardly apt to come up with a device that measures the extent of a woman's sexual inclinations as, say, a Geiger counter measures the amount of radiation in an area. Nor is this any cause for anguish. Few men realize it, and most women would refuse to believe it—yet every female unwittingly drops at least a dozen clues to her secret sex thoughts on a single date!

Specifically, these clues reveal her basic attitude towards sex. They tell how masculine she thinks her date is. Most important of all, they show how far she's willing to go. In other words, for the man who has the ability to read their peculiar language, all women are walking sexual indicators.

As prominent New York psychoanalyst Victor J. Lamont puts it, "Everybody knows the old saw about a woman being unable to keep a secret. Well, it's a sense that's true. As soon as a female patient walks into my office she tells me a little bit about her sexual self—without in the least realizing that she's done so. As we get to talking, I learn a little more. I learn it not so much by interpreting what she says, but by her mannerisms, her gestures—the way she crosses her arms or fiddles with her dress, perhaps. It's sign language—and often it gives

a truer picture of her sexual personality than the words she utters."

Can the average man on a date observe some of these signs? Not only can, says Dr. Lamont, he can even do something about the information he receives to bring the evening to a successful conclusion.

TAKE THE opening moments of a date. Say a guy named Joe calls for a girl named Mary at her home. Joe can begin assessing his chances practically the minute he steps across her threshold. Is Mary casual? Or warmly enthusiastic? Or not yet dressed? Whatever the answer, he has a ready-made clue.

If Mary is very matter-of-fact about the date, if she doesn't really seem to give a damn about it, if she's mainly interested in the place she's being taken to—then Joe clearly has grounds for worry. Her actions mean that she doesn't view the evening as a romantic light. She looks upon Joe as simply an escort—but is entirely unaware of the fact that he's a male escort who provides the possibility of some sensual excitement.

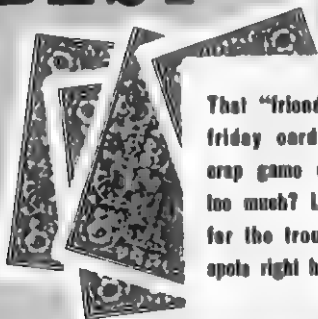
On the other hand, let's say Mary receives him warmly. She dresses attractively, is charming, makes no pretense of the fact that she's very happy to see him. This doesn't mean, of course, that Mary absolutely wants Joe to make love to her. What it does mean is that she's aware of herself as a woman, aware of him as a man, and—most important of all—not necessarily afraid of the consequences involved.

The third possibility is that Mary habitually keeps Joe waiting when he comes to pick her up for a date. This is not only irritating, it's definitely a sign of trouble. According to Dr. Lamont, there are three main reasons why a girl makes a habit of not being ready on time: 1) she demonstrates that she wants to take the evening into her own hands; 2) she's playing hard to get; 3) she's testing Joe as a man.

Whatever her reason, Mary obviously doesn't fully accept the fact of Joe's manhood. If Joe lets her get away with this, it will only reinforce the situation; he must take

(Continued on page 74)

# 14 EASY WAYS YOUR "BEST



That "friendly"  
friday card or  
crap game cost  
too much? Look  
for the trouble  
spots right here.

# FRIEND CAN CHEAT YOU AT GAMBLING

■ The 1962 Los Angeles convention of the P----- Insurance Company was a dull affair. Eugene Davis, a salesman from Omaha, listened to speeches and stared from his hotel window at the rolling California hills until he thought he would crack from boredom.

Finally one of the other visiting salesmen suggested a little friendly poker. Davis was enthusiastic. Why not? Back in Omaha he played low-stake poker on Friday nights and he usually did pretty well; besides, he had come to L.A. with a thousand dollar bonus check that was burning a hole in his pocket. The game got going in his room just after lunch, with a quart bottle of bourbon in the center of the table.

The stakes were a little higher than Davis was used to and it was a tough game, pot limit. Somehow, whenever he held a flush, the other players folded. Whenever he held a straight and bet it hard, someone else raised him and laid down a flush to win.

By breakfast the following morning, an exhausted Eugene Davis had lost all the cash he carried, plus his bonus check, and had signed I.O.U.'s for an additional seven hundred dollars. In the afternoon he drove his rented car north of the city over the dangerous Ridge Route, and on a particularly sharp curve rocketed off the road into a jagged culvert one hundred feet below.

Autopsy by the county coroner revealed the alcoholic content of his blood high enough to classify him as "intoxicated." Deputy-Sheriff Michael Muszamo of L.A. County checked on the

side's activities over the previous 24 hours. He soon discovered that Davis had been in a poker game. Investigation soon revealed a fact not entirely surprising to Romano. The cards used in the "friendly" poker game had been marked.

EUGENE DAVIS was a victim — in the most extreme way — of a racket that flourishes in this country to an extent that is almost hard to believe. It's not a racket that's run by a Chicago syndicate, it's not organized by the Mafia, and no man in it has yet to become a millionaire. But it's so prevalent that law enforcement officials in the United States are at their wit's end in dealing with it. Precisely because it's small-time, and anyone with a little larceny in his blood can work at it, the police are stymied. That racket is petty crooked gambling — and the latest unofficial estimate of its take throughout the fifty states is seventy million dollars a year profit for the gamblers. Sound like small change any more? You bet it isn't!

It operates in every walk of life; its agents and profiteers are saloonmen, businessmen, clerks, and even lawyers, professionals, semi-professionals and amateurs; its methods are the "friendly" poker and blackjack games, the "spontaneous" crap game and the pocket or miniature roulette wheel. And its victims are men — and women — in the millions. One of them could have been — and still could be — you.

How does it operate? How can the average man — who isn't really addicted to gambling but enjoys a little Friday night sport with the boys — lose fifty dollars in a crooked game? What should he watch out for? And, more important, how can he pass the tables on which who are out to fleece him?

Let's consider the three major forms of petty gambling: dice, roulette and poker.

CRAP-SHOOTING, which originally was a native custom in South America, is the most popular game at Las Vegas casinos and of that faded city's many lures, offers the best odds to the betting public. In organized gambling, however, best means least best. You're still getting less than the mathematics of chance demands. All the more reason, therefore, to take advantage of a private game at a friend's house, where the odds reflect the true nature of probability. True? Yes — if you're an expert at spotting a pair of crooked dice.

The most common form of crooked dice are loaded. Of intricate construction (though, un-

fortunately, you can buy them at most novelty and game stores), they have a hollow chamber under each side. All the chambers connect and one of them contains mercury.

The player in the know — usually the "hot" of the game — holds the dice with the desired side up, then taps the cubes before he rolls them. The mercury obligingly drops into the bottom chambers and up comes seven or eleven or whatever point he needs to make in order to win your money. Another quick light tap flips the mercury into the central chamber, so that the dice don't repeat themselves and arouse suspicion.

But, you say, the dice you've played with are transparent! If they were loaded, you'd surely spot the mercury.

Indeed you would, but you could still be out-tipped for a weekly paycheck. Transparent dice are rigged by boring out the spots on one side to the depth of 1/50th of an inch. The hollow is then filled with lead or platinum and the spot repainted. These dice can't be fixed on each roll, and they're not perfect, but the player who puts them in the game knows damn well which numbers will predominate and he bets accordingly.

The easiest way to detect any pair of loaded dice is simply to drop them a few times into a glass of cold water. As they sink, they'll repeatedly end up with the loaded sides down. If you do this, you may not be very popular with the petty crooks who've brought the house along for a killing, but anyone who wants to be both popular and a winner would do better to take up knitting.

Other methods of dice-rigging are less subtle but often just as effective. Some a— of the crap table use collodion, a colorless liquid which they paint on certain sides of the dice just before the game starts. When the dice are held tightly in a closed fist, the heat makes the painted sides slightly sticky. Then the dice are rolled — always on a rug or similar surface — and the sticky sides usually land face down.

When a pair of dice is on the table, only three sides can be seen at one time by any given player. This was noticed as far back as 1887 by a Dodge City gambler named Horace Gore, and he is generally credited with the invention of six-spotted dice. Gore's dice (as they're called by professionals) were fashioned with just three numbers: 1, 3 and 6 on one die; 3, 4 and 5 on the other. They could roll only 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 and 11. So the shooter can't crap out with

(Continued on page 21)





# **SCANDINAVIAN SCORCHER**

22-year-old Kristin has the cool yet sensual quality which marks her as future "big time". She stands 5'4" and curves out to a ripe 36-22-35"!

# BLOODY TEETH OF DOOM

The wildcats had me down on  
my back, their fangs sunk in my  
face, their claws in my chest!

by JIM MELTON

**I**NCONGRUOUS thoughts raced through my mind as I heard the sudden, effusive howling of a pack of wildcats down near Mrs. Linders' deer stand. I had a hunch what it was that brought the cats. I thought, *Damn I gotta get that dame out of her duds fast!*

The sharp crack of her 30.30 echoed in the timberline like autumn thunder. She fired all six shots. Then she was screaming and I was taking off down the wet ledge rocks like a greased rabbit. I had visions of that sexy blonde getting all chewed to hell and me getting blamed for neglect. The louder she screamed, the faster I slid.

Brambles and alders whiplashed my face as I slid and rolled down the jagged talus slope where we were hunting that morning. *They'll take your license; they'll fry you in oil, Melton, if that dame gets killed—hurry up!* She was a good two hundred feet below me. And losing her sanity, beauty and blood with each savage rush. I saw her briefly, a flurry ■ yellow hair and sheeting blood mixed in with a pack of slashing wildcats.

I didn't dare fire; I cut my hands to blood and tore the seat out of my hunting britches, but I yelled loud enough for the dead to hear me. I yelled:

*"Take off your clothes! For God's sake, woman, take 'em off!"*

**I**T was 3 P.M., November 18, 1966. The New Brunswick hunting season was in full bloom. Trouble was the deer didn't know it. The weather was warm and the bucks weren't in rut, and consequently a man had to beat the swamps and high spots to ■ holy sweat before he spooked out anything. But this date with the Linders, Mike and Lillian, was set up three months before and I was to guide them come what may. The pay was good, and when I took my first look at the big, stacked blonde ■ she alighted from the Trans Canada job at Moncton, ■ figured that the duty was, too.

The one piece of business I didn't figure (Continued on page 64)

Shrieking, we whirled about like dervishes trying to throw the cats off. "Take off your clothes!" I yelled. She ripped off her blouse. A cat sprang at her breast.





# The All Girl Gang That Needed Men Almost As Much As



Best  
role  
cus  
tho

The savage Hatlo sisters never pulled a hold-up without stripping and then raping their helpless male victims!

# As ch As Money



Beside Hatlo put on quite a show in her role of the outraged girl. "You dare to accuse us of these terrible robberies, of these other awful, unmentionable things."

by A. J. LESIER

SHERIFF HOLLAND was mad. He stalked across the office and grabbed the phone out of the deputy's hands. "Listen, Mayor Jacks!" the sheriff snarled. "We're doing all that's humanly possible to stop those girls—nobody could do more than us!"

Holland bit off his words disgustedly. Leaning against the wall, eyes closed, he nodded in pain as the mayor rubbed it in. The tinny garble of vitriol reached out through the receiver clear across the room where the deputy, drinking coffee, pretended not to be listening. The deputy fought a smile so hard it hurt.

"Of course it's the same bunch!" Holland finally sputtered. "How do I know? Goddammit, man—all the signs are there. Undressed victims, robbery, never a gunshot. Ain't that enough?" (Continued on page 51)

## WIFE SWAPPING

(Continued from page 31)

catalogue of married men and beds whose pattern of sex gratification required some sick variety of togetherness. At the time, we were not aware that certain businessmen-hackers compiled lists of sex clubs and simplified the problem of arranging contacts between birds of a particular feather.

Achieving eligibility for a listing in this syncretistic Who's Who is simple enough. The Pennsylvania organization simply keeps in close touch with the leaders of small order sex clubs across the country, and is informed of coming social events.

Application for a schedule of this type, we were assured by our attorney, was not to be advised. "Lists can cause trouble," he said, "even though your inquiry would be for purely research purposes."

The trouble is foreseeable. Lists can be the basis for both blackmail and investigation. Only a thimble would be foolish enough to put his real name down on paper, so we gave up the idea of looking for a list via the usual channels.

We explained the nature of our problem to the attorney.

"I'll see what I can come up with," the lawyer promised.

A random advertisement in the locally hearted column of a sex and woman weekly newspaper relieved the attorney of this knotty responsibility. As we looked over the current crop of subtle "sex wanted" ads, we found this one wedged between two jewels which are here permitted to glitter so that it may be appreciated in its proper setting. The first was a satirical poem, which, if set to music, would make a great singing commercial.

*She's one-score-and-ten, he's five again*

*He likes girls and she likes men  
He, as other men and women  
Have strong desires for useful lives  
And who knows—Yahshobabod!*

The other ad was a verse polished with the spoon dust of the minute ago.

*If you would orbit to the moon,  
Write this couplet very soon,  
If your pictures ain't too bad,  
We will launch you from our pad.*

It was the third ad, unadorned in between these two which solved our problem. It ran as follows:

*Metropolitan suburban area. Seek other couples friends varied interests, busy, leisurely, pleasant time our own. Publicity has no letters or pictures necessary, but phone indispensable.*

"Well," said our attorney friend "If you like, give it a whirl that remember. Under the law, a husband can be found guilty of violating the Mann Act if he transports his wife to such a party in another state."

"Suppose we don't know what kind of a party it is," we suggested.

"That's still an offense," said the lawyer, "but you could probably get off on a suspended sentence. We could approach it from that angle."

Our reply to the indicated man pointed

toward with the ad contained one line. We gave our phone number and the words, "call after five," signed "Rick and Gail."

It was five days later that the telephone rang and our adventure began.

The voice on the other end of the line was deep and hearty.

"Rick?" he asked. "I nearly didn't call. You didn't put down no last name."

"It's Brady," I improvised. "I have an enemy by that name." I wondered what he was to this day. How does one make small talk with a sex hook?

"Here's Gail?" he asked, his voice like a bell twice as thick.

"Hanging to go," I answered.

He told me to call him Harry. His wife's name was Irene, and she wanted to talk with me, he said. I found myself listening to a nervous whiskey contralto who nearly choked the receiver. "Rick, hey?" she asked. "Or is it Ray-Rick. Huh-huh. You can tell I was raised on a farm. Do you come if they call you Dick?"

"It depends on who calls me," I said.

She laughed. "I like you," she said. "I like you fine. And I'm going to prove it to you, Friday night. You kids coming to our little party Friday night?"

Harry, she said, would give me the details. There'd be all kinds of playmates there. Real tried and tested swingers. Only two new couples.

When Harry took over, he demanded to talk with Gail. He had a sticky line of petting that marled with a bad joke about one man's meet and ended with a loud shriek to the town. "You got spikes and black stockings, kid?" he asked her finally.

"Wear them all the time," she said. "Even on the shower."

His voice got husky. "Bring 'em along," he said. "You're for me, kid."

I took the phone to over the details. The party was to be held in a motel, just outside of Westport, Connecticut. It was to be a two-cabin deal. The first cabin was for tryouts, and the second, a full dress rehearsal. Before we signed off, I asked him the logical question.

"How do you know this deal is on the up and up?" I asked him. "How can I be sure we aren't walking into a pinch?"

His answer came fast and it would have been impossible not to catch the note of animal cunning in his voice.

"We're both taking showers," he said. "How do I know for sure your name is really Rick Brady?"

Friday was four days away. As the time ticked off, we became more and more apprehensive about the rendezvous. We made jokes about practicing up on harlots, talked about designing a steel and nylon chastity belt and tried to picture the mysterious Harry and Irene. Try as we might, we were unable to come up with any pre-impresion of them. They were disembodied voices, and we just couldn't envision the shapes to which the voices belonged. Their psychomental personalities, on the other hand, were easier to figure.

Harry, in all probability, was what is known as a sham fashionist, and the pattern

of his sexual gratification was in some way connected with the sight, the feel, or the concept of a woman's spike-headed shoe.

Sham fetishism, we found out, is a much commoner sexual abnormality than the average person would believe. The very young child begins to associate a high-heeled shoe with female maturity when he sees mama, auntie and grandie in their spikes. Trouble starts when the person becomes more interested in the shoe than the woman in it. The shoe then becomes a symbol of all the desirability and beauty of the female sex.

The habit of getting hot and bothered over a pair of high-heeled shoes is not so weird shaking. However, put that not together with masochism and you've got a bubbling brew. The masochist gets his pleasure either from actual pain or by playing "slave" to anyone he picks to be his "master." The person who combines these two mutual abnormalities takes not only that "the shoe be on the other foot" where he can gaze at, worship, and scratch it, but that it be used on him physically in some sadistic, punishing manner.

We were less on out-and-out sodist who got her kick by tromping her husband with four-inch spurs. Harry would probably be content to hurry right home to his loving wife after a hard day at the office. But since he was making telephone calls to recruit new partners, chances were that Irene was unable to deliver.

"Gail" figured it this way: Irene, feeling inadequate to what her husband demanded, had begun to hit the bottle. In an effort to prove that she had something worth giving, she gave it away whenever the occasion arose. The parties up in Connecticut proved Harry was a chance to find some gal who might know exactly what to do with her shoes, and gave to Irene the reassurance that there were still other guys around.

Before we left for Connecticut, on Friday night, we had another talk with our attorney friend. He insisted upon our taking several precautions. We were to call him at his Westchester home by 1:30 on Saturday morning. If he didn't hear from us by that time, he would make arrangements to have us called for by several of his competent if musclebound friends. Also, he cautioned me against carrying in my wallet any identification other than the name which I had assumed for the night. All other credentials were to be securely locked in my car. In parting, he gave me a newspaper clipping which he had taken some pains to locate. It was an account of the trial of Lorraine Clark in Amherst, Mass., on charges of murder which resulted in one of the most lurid exposures of wife-swapping ever to hit the nation's headlines.

"Take it easy, lover-boy," he said in parting. "And when you're done reading that thing, pass it on to 'Gail.'"

We drove to Connecticut in a rented car, another suggestion of the attorney's. The motel was easy to find. It was 9:30 when we knocked three times on the door of the last cabin to the left. There were some snuffings and shufflings on the other

side of the threshold before a familiar, oily voice called out "Yeah?"

"Rick and Gail," I said, knowing it sounded like the name of the second act at the Pabulum in the old two-day years.

The door opened slowly and behind the big guy who looked out at us, I could hear voices through the reek of cigarette smoke, bourbon and perfume.

"Playmates" the guy said. "Come on in, get 'n' out of the cold."

"Gail" gripped my arm and we took the fateful step. In the light, we saw that Harry was nothing at all like either of us could have imagined. He was big and heavy muscled. I judged him to be about 33 years old. He wrung my hand and lifted Gail off the floor by her elbows. "You don't weigh nothin'," he said letting her down so that her body brushed against him. "You don't weigh nothin' at all."

Besides Harry and ourselves, there were six guests in the cabin. Most of them had drinks. They were sitting around on the divans, club-chairs, and the floor. Smiling woodenly, I looked them over, knowing by some instinct that Irene wasn't there.

Harry was wearing a short sleeved shirt and slacks. The sleeves were rolled up even shorter over his biceps, and I would have gambled that he had fluffed up the hair on his chest. With so much show of masculine virility, I rightly guessed that he carried a hidden burden of agonizing impotence. Gail was safe as long as she kept from tromping him with her two-inch heels.

"I'll just give you first names," Harry said as he took me around. "Don't ask who's with who. I don't make no difference."

On the whole, they were not unattractive people. Two of the women could have passed in any crowd. The other was an absolute dog. The men looked pretty average, I would say. One blond guy who gave his name as Tom, held up a zippo when he saw that I was carrying an unlighted cigarette. I told him thanks, and noted that he had long slender fingers.

"You play the fiddle?" I asked, seeing he had the hands for it.

There was a touch of hysteria in his laughter. "Nah," he said. "I'm a cork-sticker in a bottle factory."

I turned my attentions to the dog. She was a fat pyramid who looked like a walking stack of retreat tires. I don't think she could have been more than twenty-three. A loose cascade of mouse-colored hair hung down to her shoulders. She patted the place beside her with a dimpled hand. I sat down, noting that it was with obvious reluctance that she drew her hand away. Her name was Gwenn, she said. "With two eezs, like a stake. You like 'em fat, huh?"

In my peculiarly twisted mind, I had a vision of a particularly chubby bawd-constrictor squeezing the hell out of case-lones piles of Metreol.

"I love 'em fat," I said.

She picked up my hand and kissed it with a warm, wet hunger that made me feel damp and naked.

"I was an unloved child," Gwenn told

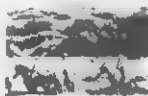
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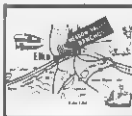
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Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

me. "But now it's different. A whole new life opened for me when I discovered sex."

Reflecting, inwardly, that with her monumental curves such a discovery must have been a triumph of navigation, I turned to accept a drink from a beautiful broad whose 36-25-36 shape was flawed only when one topped it with her rather common face and her too artificially tinted hair.

"And you discovered sex, too?" I asked. She grinned. "Nops," she said. "I'm just built for it, is all."

I glanced frankly over the rim of my glass at the swelling globes of her breasts. I figured I might as well get into the spirit of the thing—if I didn't want to show up as a phony. "Are those things real?" I asked her archly.

Evidently this was a familiar gambit. She winked. "Except for the brassiere," she said, "they are absolutely genuine."

Gail was having her hands full with our host. She was sitting in a club chair, and he had plunked himself down on her feet, talking earnestly, and stroking her shoes with his fingers. She was safe as long as she kept from stamping on his hands.

One of the other guys came over, for the redhead. He was in his late twenties or early thirties I pegged him for a dance instructor, and it turned out I was right. He certainly knew his way around women. "What you brought in all right," he said to me. I saw he was looking at my wife. "What's the kid's name?"

When I told him, he whistled. "Gail, hey," he said. "That's okay. When Harry's done, I want her. I'll bet that broad could blow up something of a storm."

Two drinks later, I had the redhead to myself and we were discussing, of all things, the relative virtues of foam mattresses over the spring-stuffed kind. Lots had happened. From time to time, the blond guy, Tommy, would pace the rug, glaring at the door like a caged tiger. I didn't get it. The monumental dog had twisted into the john in the company of the dick-haired dance instructor Gail,

some too happy about it, had posed standing on a chair with her skirt above her knees while our host snapped pictures of her shoes and legs with a fancy-dan polaroid camera. In a corner, listening to party records on a portable phonograph, was a couple I never got to meet. Only on rare occasions did they come up for air. I could hardly tell where one ended and the other began. Their exhibitionist necking was of course a clue to the peculiar variety of maggots which gnawed at their brains. Every once in awhile, they would shush us so that particular songs on the party-records would not be lost in their corner.

The redhead, by a process of elimination, belonged to the male dance instructor, who had, by now, untwisted himself from the john. She paid no attention to him at all, preferring to hold forth with me on the subject of mattresses. She likes old fashioned beds better than the new style, hollywood kind. With a footboard, she claimed, you got a little leverage.

Someone started to circulate a sheaf of pornographic pictures. The redhead coily covered her eyes with her hands. "I don't want to see you looking at the ones of me," she said. "They're awful naughty."

It was the understatement of the evening. Not that my girlfriend had any real cause for concern. I would not have recognized her from the photographs. There was much too much else to see.

It was almost a quarter of twelve before someone rattled the cabin's door knob. The blond guy, Tom, ran to the door and literally wrenched it open. Standing in the doorway, wearing a man's trenchcoat and open-toed sandals was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She had blue-black hair and large, widely spaced eyes. Her skin was like marble.

"You bitch!" Tom glowered at her. "What have you been doing to Charles?" In his anger, Tom's lip slipped up several octaves, making it difficult for even a good soprano to compete.

She smiled at him with pursed and tantalizing lips.

"What you never could, Buster," she said in her whiskey contralto voice. "What you certainly never could."

She looked beyond him, her eyes moving around the room. She looked at Gail. Then, finally, her eyes fixed on me. This I knew, was Irene. She raised her arms, and the unbuttoned trenchcoat opened.

Talk about your silver linings. Beneath the coat, this absolutely beautiful woman was as bare as a night on Bald Mountain.

I had four drinks in me. "It's you," she said to me in her throaty bedroom voice.

She kissed me so that I still feel it—now and then. She kissed me as though she had never kissed anyone before in her life, but had been planning to for years and years. Feeling her stirring and snuggling in my arms, I could very well have forgotten all about research. But there was Gail, all court, and, besides I didn't get the chance.

The blond boy went out to the cabin and came back with a nondescript brute of a man who answered to the name of Charles. He didn't seem to go with the

sound of hill name.

BEFORE I could turn to Irene again, my dear wife grabbed my arm.

"Which is the cabin?" she asked, in as torrid a voice as she could manage. "We want to be next."

Irene studied her face. "You've got him all the time, hon," she said. "Why hog him now?"

There were storm warnings in Gail's eyes. "The first time is always for me," she said. "We like it that way. When we're done, I'll come and call for you."

There were words, and there was some confused shoving, but Gail kept backing toward the door. Finally we were outside, and the closing door ate up the square of light. The little woman steered me to where we had left the rented car. When she spoke, it was in a squeaky imitation of our hostess' sexy voice.

"Okay, you gorgeous hot-rodder," Baby said. "It's ready and waiting. Warm up the engine, hon, and see if you can tool it home."

We stopped on the highway to call our lawyer friend.

"We're safe," I said. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"And were they for real?" he asked.

He was talking about the sex kooks, but I was thinking of something else. "For absolute, positive real," I think I said.

ON THE way home, when my wife finally simmered down, we wondered if we shouldn't have slammed the book closed instead of merely walking out of its pages. We might have turned Harry and his party in. But we didn't. That's one blast of the whistle I couldn't bring myself to blow. The arresting of wife-swapping sex kooks was not the purpose of our project.

What matters is that these sex kooks are for real. Maybe there is a greater number of the out-and-out mail-order variety who get their kicks just by writing letters and licking postage stamps. But we had learned at first hand that there is also the kind who would manage to get together even if they couldn't spell a word.

At one sample gathering we had spotted voyeurists, who attain their sexual pleasure from visual situations; exhibitionists, who seek gratification through public display; a masochist, for whom there is no sex without pain. Homosexuals; and a variety of sex-for-kicks enthusiasts who came along for the ride.

There is no doubt that such practices as we witnessed in Connecticut are becoming more and more prevalent all across the country. There are Harrys and Irenees who head up sex-clubs in each of the fifty states. The so-called leisure explosion, marital dissatisfaction, suburban boredom and the myriad pressures of the nuclear age are each, to their own degree, responsible for undercutting the existing structure of American morality.

The cells of sexopathic kookdom are spreading like a malignant cancer, and the fiber of a nation is under serious threat. Unfortunately, the official machinery to cope with this potent cause for alarm is slow to get started. By the time efficient measures are adopted to combat this threat, the evil may well be out of hand.

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# 40 NYMPHO BRIDES

(Continued from page 23)

off, then averted away.

From where I sat in the nuptial hut, I could see every detail of the incredibly savage rites. Nauseated, I turned away.

"Pull the shade down, Annu," I told the 16-year-old girl who was massaging my body with oil. I glanced quickly at the tall, lithe half-breed who was fastening the thongs of my leather sandals. I was being prepared for my wedding—even before the husband whose place I was supposed to take was dead. It was to be a double ceremony: marriage and murder. My friend Joe Pelton was the victim of the murder, and I was the victim of the wedding. My brides numbered forty and I didn't want even one of them.

It was July 21, 1957, nearly midnight on Spratly Island in the South China Sea, and I was trying desperately to outrun time.

I'd come to Spratly Island only the day before to waste time with Joe Pelton, a 35-year-old buddy of mine from the days when we tracked through Sumatra together, two enlisted sergeants attached to the 25th Bomber Command who were determined to go on fighting Japs after our unit at Rengas was bombed out. When the war ended, I went back to Omaha, Nebraska, and Pelton stayed behind.

"I'm not having any more of it. Civilization, I mean," Pelton announced suddenly as we sat at the airport bar in Djambi. "I'm taking my chances with the savages."

"Sure, Joe," I laughed, thinking it was another one of his jokes. "Stay on some island and raise an army of natives for the missionaries to save."

"Stay on an island—that's exactly what I'm going to do, Carl."

When I saw he really meant it, I scribbled my Omaha address on a match cover.

We said goodbye, and my plane took off.

After several weeks of living it up in San Francisco, I finally got back to Omaha, my old job and the old routine as an insurance salesman. But the old job and the old routine weren't the same. Most of the old bunch were gone; lost in the war, or living elsewhere. Maybe the exciting war life upset me, but I couldn't get settled. Whatever it was, I started drinking and couldn't seem to stop. By New Year's Day, 1957, I'd run through six jobs and was again jobless.

Then I got a letter from Pelton, whom I'd almost forgotten.

"I worked out a deal where I was appointed general manager of a coconut plantation on Spratly Island," the letter read. "It's not so much but the life is

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and	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
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to me. Several of them refused to be pushed out of the way. They seemed to be the leaders. One, Finta, who'd been at the pier, was particularly aggressive. Her face was flushed, her eyes glistened seductively as she sat at my feet crossing my thighs with her long finger tips.

"Finta want to show you good time. Pelton was seated in a chair opposite me. One of the girls sat on his lap. He jumped up suddenly, as if irritated beyond endurance, dumping her to the floor, and stamped out of the room angrily.

"For God's sake, leave me alone! Leave me alone!"

According to Spratly standards, the night was young. Before it was over, I knew, intimately, five of the island beauties. Pale green streaks of dawn slanted over the coconut trees when I fell into a deep sleep on the second floor of Pelton's ranch. I didn't know where he was, nor did I care.

When I awoke and went downstairs later in the morning, my host was having breakfast.

"How do you like Spratly?" he grinned.

"Like it? I love it!" I sank into a deep chair and lit a cigarette.

"Have you any idea how many children you have?" I asked Pelton bluntly. "Must've run into the hundreds during the last twelve years."

"I used to keep track of them, but in the last few years I can't seem to concentrate on anything," Pelton frowned. "I can't stand these damn women another minute, but I can't get rid of 'em."

"Can't you ship them to the mainland?"

"I thought of that, Bjornsen. But it seems that according to their island customs, I'm married to the lot of 'em."

"You mean all 40 of those girls consider you their husband?"

"That's it, old buddy," he grinned weakly. "Any ideas?"

"Yeah—I think you're crazy. I know a million men who'd give anything to be in your shoes!"

He shook his head sadly. "I felt like that—at first."

"Aren't there any other men around?" I asked.

"Sure. But they're not considered marriageable according to island standards. The girls have chosen me."

"Let's tell the girls I'm going to take your place. I'll stick around for a while, then if you still feel like leaving, we can go together. How's that?"

The idea seemed to cheer him temporarily but he soon fell back into the deep depression.

THAT AFTERNOON—against my wishes—the whole damn mess of girls carried me on their shoulders to a clearing in the center of the tiny island. After they tossed their *lavalavas* onto the nearest trees, we drank cooled hibiscus wine from dried melon gourds and chased each other through the shadowy glades of tropical flowers. In a moss-lined cave I continued

my romancing Pelton's 40 wives. By early evening I was high on the wine.

"Listen everybody," I shouted drunkenly. "Coconut Joe's tired. Why not leave him alone and give me a chance?" I spread my arms wide. "I love you, all of you. Let's play house!"

I've never stopped regretting those words. It seems that the Malaysian word for husband is almost the same as the misnomer English word for house.

Shrieking wildly, the girls danced around me. It seemed as if they all sprang on me at once. I embraced as many of them as I could before I fell into a sleep that was more like a stupor. When I awoke, I heard the sound of rapidly beating drums. From over the tree tops, bright red light flickered higher and higher. I could hear Pelton screaming:

"For God's sake, Bjornsen. Help me! Get me out of this!"

The words became unintelligible as they blended into an animal-like howl of pain. I started to jump up but one of the girls stopped me. It was Annu.

"Better this way. We marry you when Coconut Joe dead. Not make island gods angry!"

I pushed her aside and started to race for the beach where the flames cascaded higher. Suddenly a mob of Spratly girls seized me and held me like a trap of alien ropes. They trusted me like a taker and carried me to what they called the wedding house.

"But damnit," I raged, "you're supposed to be Christians. How can you stand by and see a man killed?"

"Us Christians, yes," Annu smiled benignly. "But not at mission now. This is island and not good to make gods mad!"

I lay helplessly on the divan where they placed me, a pillow over my face. By tossing and turning my head, I managed to shove the pillow on the floor so that I could at least see. I wished I couldn't. Through the small rectangle of open window I saw my friend tied securely to a bamboo pole. His body was a mass of burns and sores where the girls had stuck him with flaming sticks. When the wind from the sea blew out the fires on the end of the sharp sticks, they re-lighted them in the blazing fire beside Coconut Joe's body, now beginning to shine like a cooked lobster. His eyes bulged out of his head and his face was a mask of agony. His screaming had become a low, inhuman growl and I realized sickly that Pelton was being tortured to the point of madness.

I turned to Annu pleadingly: "Where are the plantation workers? They'll put a stop to this murder."

Fortunately for me, she completely misunderstood my meaning.

"No worry. We get rid of them with drug from hiru seed. Deep sleep keep them for long time. Nothing stop wedding, don't you worry!"

The buxom 17-year-old began to rub my chest with oil from a big bottle. An other girl massaged my feet, preparatory to fastening on my wedding sandals. I took a wild chance, my only one

"Annu, I'm missing all the fun." I made an obscene gesture with my mouth. "Untie me so that I can sit up in a chair."

The girls looked at each other. I grimaced at them lewdly. Giggling, they untied my bonds.

PEERING desperately around the small, flower-decked room, I was aware that if something was to be done, it would have to be now. There were no weapons on the wall—only a garish red and black painted mask hung in an alcove over the beach was approaching its zenith over a crude altar.

Annu's back was turned as she pulled at the shade. The girl at my feet was bent low, fastening the last thong of the sandal.

Abruptly, I reached for the heavy, three quart bottle of oil, lifted it high, then let it drop on the wooden floor of the hut. Neither of the girls saw me do it.

"What the hell happened?" I asked as they swung around in alarm. I stared down at the jagged chunks of broken glass in the middle of a pool of heavy oil.

"The gods must be very angry!" I gasped in feigned amazement.

Both girls jumped back in terror, their eyes dilated with fear.

"Look!" I shouted, pointing in back of them. "The gods are here! The shadows are—"

Before I could complete the trick, the terrified native girls dashed out of the hut. Grabbing the mask from the wall, I put it over my face. Picking up an enormous piece of thick, pointed glass as I raced after them, I could see Coconut Joe being lifted toward the fire, still tied to the post of bamboo. The girls ran toward the macabre scene, shrieking in terror.

All action on the beach came to a



"The natives seem restless tonight!"

sharp halt, while the girls listened to Anna's hysterical account of the "floating" oil bottle. Suddenly they saw me running toward them.

The weird mask covered my face entirely as I dashed at Finta and the four girls who were about to pitch Pelton into the flames. I'd never fought women before, but these creatures didn't seem like women as they prepared to finish off their erstwhile husband. Without hesitation, I jabbed the jagged edge of the glass into Finta's neck. Blood spurted down her body in a red sheet. I stuck another girl in the back as she ran. I knew it was the mask that they feared.

Pelton's wives thought I was some kind of a damned island god! Yelling in unpeakable terror, they dropped Pelton beside the fire, and raced into the jungle. Finta ran with them, but collapsed at the edge of the clearing. In seconds, I was alone with the dying man. Realizing that the mask must have represented an island god, I tied it on tightly and quickly freed what was left of my friend.

His skin was a mass of burns and sores. Red welts covered his chest and lower body. His buttocks looked as if they'd been beaten with a razor. A jumble of slurred words poured from his charred lips. I expected the blood-thirsty girls to return and finish us both. They didn't. They never even came back for Finta's body.

The next five days proved a nightmare of uncertainty, wondering if the wild women would come back, and trying desperately to save Pelton without

the needed knowledge or drugs. We never moved from the beach. I could sense the awe-struck girls peering at me through the dense underbrush, but I never saw them. I hoped against hope that the dilapidated old steamer, due on July 30th, would be in time.

When it hove into sight late in the afternoon of that day, I rushed down to the dock. Not daring to remove the mask for a second, I still wore it. I thought the captain would back the rotting steamer off the pier and go back to Shaitang when he spotted my bizarre masquerade. I finally made him understand the emergency. He sent three men back with me for Pelton, now comatose, and we sailed immediately.

"Get me the hell out of here!" I blustered to the half-breed captain. "I've had enough of women and islands to last me a lifetime!"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," he sighed. "I've heard it before!"

As the ship left the island, I threw the mask that moved my life into the smooth, green water, and watched it slowly sink. Early that evening, Joe Pelton died without once regaining consciousness. He was buried at sea.

I went back to the States on borrowed money, landed in San Francisco, and resumed drinking. After my first few martinis, I saw the gruesome spectacle of my friend's slow death passing before me in all its gaudy horror.

Never touched a drop since. Pelton's death was bad enough once. I couldn't take it repeatedly.

## NAZI RAPE

(Continued from page 19)

sidekick and loaded shipmate on the left flank howled jubilantly. "Got 'em lined, Lieutenant O'Rourke!"

Abruptly, the tide seemed to swing the other way. The sight of flaming doom was the flash of a German fuselage soaring past my vision on route to blasting at the plexiglas nose of our ship. She seemed to jerk erratically in mid-air. The entire frame shuddered. She coughed flames from the two left motors and suddenly, Lt. Colonel Johnson in that calm, almost stoical way I had admired:

"All right, you guys. Let's go. This bucket's had it. Bail out."

I couldn't believe it.

We made so many major missions, nobody thought the Suz would ever get it! She was invincible, indestructible—so we'd told ourselves, me and every other nonvabitch around. So it came to pass that our B-24 began to die, and it came fast.

Almost simultaneously with the order to bail out the three men nearest my battle station yelled that they were hit. I couldn't tell how badly, but for the sudden sensation of some of the guns falling off. At the same moment, there was a shattering crash forward. I dropped the 50's and staggered forward. Some of the men forward—those still alive—were dropping through the bomb bay. In the companionway, one man was stretched

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out with his head blown off and his right leg twisted under him at a grotesque angle.

I kept staggering forward, slipping in the blood that washed back toward my position. Then, in a maelstrom of jumping, pushing bodies, I plunged through the bay and hurtled through the ground. I only remember falling and the sensation that the German fighters were shooting at me, but I blacked out and somehow they missed clean. The others, they didn't miss. Either they were gunned in mid-air, or they rode the Suz all the way down.

All hands, but one—why, I just couldn't figure. God probably did, though . . .

IT WAS STILL dark when I came out of my bumpy fog. The face of a French girl peered down at me sympathetically. Yet over one shoulder was suspended a rifle and the other a bandolier of bullets. The other people were obviously male and female French farmers, I dazedly judged from their clothes. They were talking tensely, whispering what the hell to do with me now that I suddenly turned up no corpse. The girl was young, beautiful and really slack.

She said softly, "Do you think you can move, fier?"

"I think so, baby," I groaned. "You an angel?"

"Not quite!" she smiled. I noticed only a faint trace of an accent, though the rest of her was pure as the driven snow.

"How come you party English so well — speak it, I mean?"

"No questions, please. They will be here in a minute."

She broke into rapid French. Then the rest of them helped me to my feet. I took on a hop and the lights went out. I woke up again, sometime in the middle of the night, and the girl was there bathing my face with a rag. She wore no guns this time. The others were gone.

"Where am I?"

"Cathedral. You'll be all right in the morning. Shock."

"Yeah," I closed my eyes. "Yeah, I remember now. The Krauts."

"The Krauts!" she spat venomously. "Cochon!"

I felt the blood circulating as it hadn't done before—the life moving back into me. Abruptly, I sat up and looked around. "Your friends? Where are they?"

"On the farm. You are in a cellar, a place for the storage of vegetables. We hid you here. I am Francine Boudette; I represent the local Maqui in this area."

"You?" I asked incredulously. "Just one girl?"

"No," she smiled indulgently. "Everybody is a part of the Maqui, more or less. This zone here is my home. The people who rescued you are my immediate family."

I said nothing. She held up both hands and extended her fingers twice.

"Twenty," she nodded. "I have personally killed twenty, one way or the other."

She fascinated me. I gave her my vital statistics and after a while asked how the devil she thought I was going to get back to my base. She said leave it to her; tomorrow we move. But in that second, the full impact of what had happened hit me

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again and I choked up. I thought of all the guys who were dead, guys I knew like brothers. Really like brothers.

"You rest," she said gently, patting my cheek. "More talk in the morning."  
But in the morning, there was no morning.

It dawned lead gray and full of Nazis wearing side-arms and light caliber machine guns flanked out all over the countryside in a manhunt—mine. I felt like myself, but hungry as hell. I was up in a shell torn belly about 50 feet off the ground, and there was the Frenchie kneeling about to pop off her pistol. I grabbed her and it both.

"Just what the hell are you doin', sister? You want them up here?"

"They've got my family ahead of them!" she bit her lip. "Look—those are the people who saved you, American!"

I looked.  
There were men and women with their hands up over their heads, mirroring the helplessness of occupied Frenchmen everywhere. They walked slowly, before the loaded muzzles of Nazi foot soldiers toward the courtyard.

"What the hell happened to your resistance movement!" I mumbled bitterly. "They're gonna kill those people."

I knew when I said it that the brunette's world was closing in. In that moment, she raced across the belly. I grabbed the gun from her hands and pushed her to the stone floor.

"That'll accomplish nothing, girl. They'll be up here next."

"I don't care! I don't care!" she suddenly sobbed. I slapped a hand around her mouth and dragged her down again. And this time I held her there.

"Two more dead won't help, Francine! Cut it out!"

THE GERMANS were coming in the courtyard. They were fanning out everywhere and the nine faring people were being pushed now ahead of them. A hoarse-shouting officer was waving his arms at the Cathedral and ordering his men to search thoroughly. They would; I knew it. Somewhere in the yard, against the high stone wall separating church from graveyard probably, nine persons were being lined up against stone and saying last prayers. I heard a squad of gunners

being given last orders in German, and then sobbing. The girl squirmed and tried to get her rifle.

"Let me go! Please let me go, American!" she sobbed frantically. "I can't let them die!"

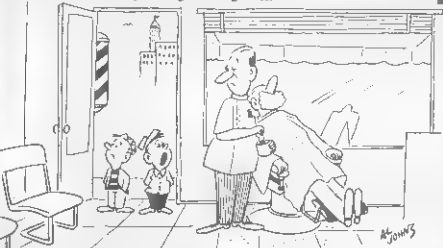
Somewhere close, below, heavy footsteps pounded up the stone steps of the belly. I grabbed the girl forcefully and dragged her to the clapper and then heard the volley of shots that sounded below. She passed out for a second and I did everything to check the sickening sensation I felt at hearing the sound of death. From beneath the big church bell, the sound of close, excited German wafted in.

More firing! Automatic rifles and American BARs pounded distinctly in the thick air and there were shouts above the gunfire. The girl and I had been hanging on to the clapper, and then we both realized what was happening. We pushed the bell up and the girl grabbed her gun. I had the pleasure of watching running Nazis, frantically retreating Nazis racing across the field. A group of leather-jacketed, arm-waving Frenchman brandishing every conceivable kind of weapon, was holding a small war below. I had the pleasure, too, of watching the girl center on a brown target and squeeze off just two shots.

The man who'd held her family suddenly stumbled, clutched his stomach as red spewed out in a widening stain, and then fell face down.

"Always aim for the belly!" she smiled. "They think two times, American. It kills the hard way."

The Maqui war below was brief. It lasted about two or three minutes, during which time thirty-one Nazis were slaughtered and two captured. Later, these men were lined against the stone wall and executed. We went downstairs, and Francine's family explained that the Maqui had arrived like the old Seventh Cavalry in the B-pictures. Simple as that. The French, indomitable fighters of that partisan war, took a lot, gave a lot less than they took and eventually got me back to England. There, on many occasions till the fight was kicked out of the Krauts, I manned another pair of f0s . . . all the hell over occupied France. But I never saw Francine Boudette again. Nor did I ever forget her.



"Where's this calendar we've heard so damned much about?"

## ALL GIRL GANG

(Continued from page 39)

for you? Aren't you convinced?"

Holland settled down to another long listen. Finally the garble trailed off and there was a dead receiver. The sheriff sneered at the phone and slammed it back on the hook. Holland was a big man and he prided himself on his patience, but this was a little too much even for him. His face, the color of a Montana winesap, stayed the same shade of red even as he flopped back in his swivel chair and began pounding his massive fist helplessly against the desk top.

"Why the hell can't I have an ordinary badman—a kidnapper—a boss thief—anything! Je-sus! Women bandits, I need!"

Deputy Bankhead, a sympathetic, smart soul, kept his mouth shut. He boiled up a pot of fresh coffee and fried six eggs. He took the perplexed sheriff's mind off his troubles, for a time, but before the eggs were gone within the hour the phone rang again.

Bankhead grabbed it. Suddenly he was choking, turning and waving to the sheriff.

"A to-woman, sheriff! Says you're lookin' fer her."

"Holland!" the sheriff announced. "Who is this? Goddammit, sister, when I get my hands on you I'll—"

Sheriff Holland stared at the receiver. Then he jiggled the hook. Then he wheeled and rushed across the office to the gun rack. Deputy Bankhead was a close second as the sheriff of Billings opened the office door. As the two men started to climb on their horses, the deputy couldn't contain himself any longer.

"Dang it, Jim!" He grabbed the star-man. "What'd that gal say?"

Holland blushed, stammered and finally blurted out:

"She said she kicked better men than me out of her bed. Anymore goddamned questions, Bankhead?"

"Just one, sheriff. She say where she was callin' from?" The deputy frowned. "I thought I heard her say from Cripple Creek."

"That's right," Holland leaned into his saddle. "She and her girl friends just knocked over the Pride & Hammond Bank. . . ."

**I**n Cripple Creek, a trim, good-looking ash blonde who was dressed in jeans calmly strolled through the lobby of the Richards Hotel. A dozen men watched the blonde swivel-hip toward the front door, pulling it open like the door was an Easter hat, all smiles, the brace of .45 Colts on her thighs wiggling rhythmically as she moved. Beanie Hadio filled out a blouse the way she filled a tight pair of jeans, and her big brown bedroom eyes made it unanimous.

It was May 7, 1908. Women who

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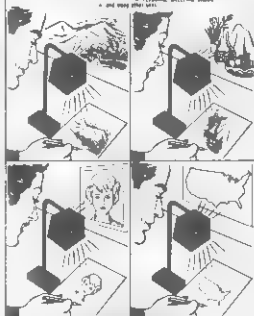
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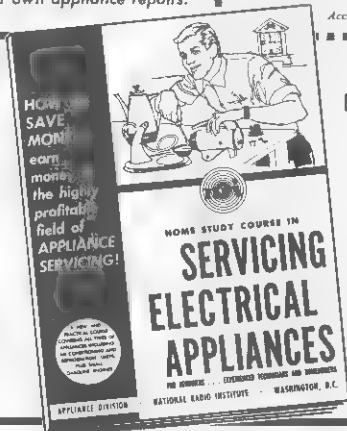
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In a false cellar of the Hatlo ranch, the funds of two score helots were cached. Also a list of the male victors. The four sisters were relaxing before a warning fire, two evenings later, when Sheriff Holland and Sheriff Coy and their posse rode up. Bessie, ever the charming hostess, invited them in.

Coy, from Billings, apologized blushing for the intrusion. The four Hatlo girls looked aghast.

"You mean," Bessie sputtered, "that you're accusing us of those terrible things—the robberies, the unmentionable acts?"

Bessie and her lovely sisters were nearly in tears. A few of the lawmen standing in the back of the large room shuffled self-consciously and exited, still not convinced that four so-female girls could match up to the crime wave. But a thumping round dozen men came in from the porch and identified the sisters from their voices.

SHERIFF HOLLAND had his own test. After talking to each of the girls and explaining why it was logical that they should be accused—he didn't seem sure at first—the fact remained that they were, according to census, perfect matches up to the reign of terror.

"Say I've kicked better men than you out of my bed, Mister," Holland instructed Bessie Hatlo.

The eldest of the clan blushed, sputtered and finally, demurely, repeated the sentence. Holland scratched his head.

"I could've sworn it was you, ma'am," Holland apologized. The dozen witnesses also were suddenly unsure of themselves. These girls wore dresses and their hair was combed in the proper ladylike style of the day.

"I feel faint," Bessie Hatlo whimpered, suddenly swaying.

The strong arm of Sheriff Coy grabbed the leader as she slumped into a couch. Bessie was revived with smelling salts while her copiously weeping sisters explained how they managed to live so well.

"Bessie made all our investments. She has a flair for business matters," Irma explained. "We live simply but well. Our little ranch prospers because we give it our undivided attention."

It was over and the four sisters' good name was cleared. An embarrassing case of circumstantial evidence, the two sheriffs apologized effusively. Miss Bessie Hatlo saw

them to the door and snapped the lock shut. The four lovely blondes waited a long fifteen minutes before breaking into uncontrollable laughter.

"My God!" Bessie shrieked. "Will you ever forget the look on that sheriff's face when I repeated his sentence, word for word!"

"That other sheriff—Coy!" Irma giggled. "He's one I wish we had around here for a while, don't you?"

Sisters Marie and Betty roared until the tears rolled down their cheeks. They were remembering some of the stage drivers who couldn't be sure suddenly. The drum of hoofbeats had vanished into the hills as Bessie reached for the lantern. Something moved behind the drapes. Bessie screamed, "Watch out!" and lunged for her irons. But they were gone.

Three Special Officers of the stagecoach line emerged, followed by a smaller, shadowed figure. There was still a reasonable doubt as to their identity, but Bessie herself quered that.

"My husband said I was really more woman than any of you will ever be," the wife of the politician snapped proudly.

"That fool?" Bessie thoughtlessly blurted. "He was like a schoolboy. Why, goddammit, I've kicked better men out of bed than your bumbling husband—"

Sheriff Holland also emerged from the shadows.

"That ain't exactly what she told me over the phone," he confided to the Specials, "but it's approximately confining enough to suit me."

THE Sisters Hatlo spent the night in Billings jail. They went to trial a week later and confessed readily when Sheriff Coy and a party of searchers found the cache of stolen wealth. The sisters drew ten-year stretches for armed robbery, serving out five years in the women's cell block of the State penitentiary. They were discharged as a group and shook off a gaggle of inquisitive newspapermen. It was rumored that they went to Mexico; it was also rumored that they opened a pleasure house in San Francisco.

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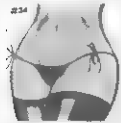
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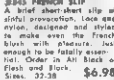
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They vanished. In any event—four luscious blondes on whom the pal-lor of prison life left no visible marks—according to the stories the day. They left behind a record never to be equalled in the annals of modern crime. They terrorised the West, but as men who knew them intimately averred, "It should only happen again and soon. . ."

## 14 EASY WAYS

(Continued from page 33)

2, 3 or 12, but he can make a natural with 11. If he rolls any other number, he's bound to make his point. There are many other variations of Goro's dice, but they all produce winners. Naturally, they have to be slipped into the game by the shooter at a propitious moment, and then swiftly taken off the table when the next man rolls the dice.

Switching dice is often a simple matter of "the hand is quicker than the eye," but some sharpsters use a home-style mechanical dice box. It has one compartment for crooked dice and the other for the genuine ones. A flap is constructed to cover either compartment by a flick of the wrist, so the player can roll whichever pair he chooses.

Still another favorite, where the sharpster lets you "beat yourself," is shaped dice. These are usually doctored in manufacture, since expert workmanship is required to make the dice look genuine. (A tip: the two New York companies who make shaped dice always color them green; so watch out particularly for "Irish dice," as they're often called in the trade.) These dice have all sides slightly convex, or rounded, except the 1 and 6 sides. As a result, the player tends to roll 7, 12 and 12 more often than is usual. His chances for craps or 7 are even; but when he throws another point on his first roll he is generally sunk, for the 7 is sure to pop up quickly. Thus the percentage is against the shooter; the sharpster just sits back, bets against you and generously allows you to beat yourself.

These dice, and similar variations, are easily detected through a careful examination of the cubes. Place the sides together in different combinations to see if they lie flush. If they don't, excuse yourself and go to a movie. Or, if you're bent on revenge, pass the dice to the man who gave them to you and then cover his bet!

ROULETTE, it's often said, is the chief industry of Monaco and it is definitely the second most popular game in Las Vegas. The Vegas wheels are never crooked; they don't have to be, because the odds are such that the house is assured of a 5% take on all bets placed. Which isn't to say that a big wheel can't be rigged; it can, and often is in private clubs that flourish in states where gambling is illegal.

Two years ago a private gambling club in Cleveland was closed down by the police. When the roulette wheels were dismantled by experts, here is the official report of what they found.

"... in all the wheels, all the red pockets were backed by small magnets. Each wheel came equipped with a spe-



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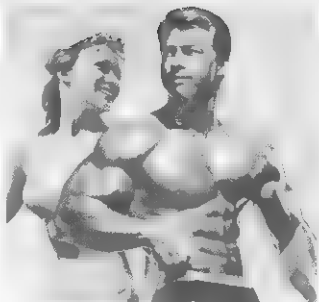
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BEFORE

AFTER

Larry Scott had a "fair" physique that weighed in at 165. He wanted extra pounds for a champion-caliber body, but extra-large meals only bloated him — and he stayed at 165. Then Larry discovered Crash Weight No. 7! His weight jumped from a too slender 165 to a muscular 215 pounds — and he went on to win Mr. America — Mr. Universe bodybuilding awards! **LARRY GAINED 50 POUNDS!**



BEFORE

AFTER

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## GIGI ROCHETTE

(Continued from page 29)

Madam," he bowed. The show of chivalry evoked a slight smile, an approving nod. The brunette accepted the cigarette and holding it quite steadily, peered over the flame at the transfixed suitor. "Is it possible," he mumbled, "that someone as gorgeous as yourself attends an opening unescorted?"

"*C'est la vie*," the brunette shrugged. "My husband is in Paris. He cannot join me."

The accent delighted the Opening Nighter.

"You're French! Wonderful! I was in France—Belleaux Woods during the show!" he puffed out proudly.

And the brunette approved. As the lobby crush continued, her body seemed to fall against his. She sighed apologetically. The gentleman felt suddenly uncomfortable in his evening clothes. He thought he was losing his mind as the brunette's hand slipped into his and she squeezed him slightly.

"I find America dreadfully lonely." The man crushed out his cigarette, glanced furtively toward the inner lobby and pleaded with his eyes. Again the brunette nodded. Beside himself with joy, he hurriedly forced a path to the street and hailed the first taxi. As they pulled away, the

brunette fell easily into his arms.

"Your wife, she will be angry?"

"Oh, to hell with her!"

"I like your male impulsiveness," the brunette whispered huskily, adjusting to the pressure of his eager arms. "Take me home, M'sieur."

"Where's that?" he groaned.

"Ninety-second Street. It is such a big house," she bit his chin. "And I am so lonely there."

"Don't worry, *cheri*," the man chuckled. "You won't be from now on, believe me! I'm healthy and wealthy. Whatever your needs, I'll be Johnny on the spot!"

"And your wife?"

"Her? To hell with her!"

**T**he tall, statuesque brunette settled back and stared through the half-drawn shades at midtown Broadway. The man held her hungrily. She permitted it, but she didn't take her eyes off New York. It was February, 1920. Gigi Rochette, twenty-three, whose bed manners had caused wholesale desertions from the front during the Marne, knew suddenly that the big investment of coming to America would pay off. *In fact, it already had.* Mama and her three sisters were en route, and the house that her solicitations had earned while aboard ship was free and clear. It was uptown, true, but Gigi Rochette was well aware of the fact that the Parisian adage, "play on the other side of town" was just

as pertinent in New York.

The impulsive young stock broker was everything he claimed: healthy and extremely wealthy. Having played in Paris for a time, he'd cultivated the proportionately correct taste for giving as well as receiving. Off and on, the gentleman visited several times weekly. In addition to a regularly stipulated fee of \$1,000 per month, he paid for such sundries as evening gowns and furs. For her birthday, the gentleman gave stocks—gilt edge, naturally. Mademoiselle Rochette accepted in the properly Parisian spirit. She never again mentioned a husband.

**F**OUR weeks after her first American conquest, the other amazing Rochettes contributed their earthly talents to Gigi's pleasure palace on West End Avenue. Mama who'd married and given birth to triplets before her fifteenth birthday, was a stunning, oversexed curvaceous brunette with big black sparkling eyes. She didn't look her thirty-nine years. She giggled far better than her four lovely daughters, but what was more important than even that, was Mama's acute, if brilliant, business sense.

Conducting a seminar in finances shortly after her arrival, Adrienne Rochette was dismayed by her eldest daughter's haphazard scoring system. "In France it was different. Competition was terrible; conditions

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Figure 2.  $\log_{10}$  of the mean  $\pm$  SD of the number of *S. aureus* per gram of meat.

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impossible, but here it is not so. We will proceed according to plan," she swelled out proudly. "It will bring acclaim and luxury, and most important—social position. There is no need for street walking in the United States—not if you know the right people."

"But, Mama," Gigi protested. "I do know the right people."

Adrienne snapped her fingers angrily. "First, stop calling me Mamma—here I am Adrienne Second, your young man—the stock broker. He treats you shabbily. You should be seen. Our salon should be open to the important, the really important men of New York—not those who would sleep and run!"

"Mama, he pays me \$1,000 monthly and buys me clothes—it is bad?"

"With your body, with your knowledge of love, you should get ten times that!" Adrienne flashed angrily. "When I was your age, I never had your opportunities."

**R**OXANNE, Clairette and Suzy were plainly caught in the middle. Gigi's Gallic shrug was an eloquent reply. Mama took over lock, stock and barrel. Despite her text book English, Adrienne managed with apparently little difficulty to master the language and also to put their *maison de plaisir* on the map. Wherever men of substance met—the Stock Market, Deimonico's, Jamaica, the old Waldorf bar—the droll conversation sooner or later got around to "those four French beauties in their mansion on 92nd Street. *Ooh, la, la!*" The World War I leaves in Paris were as fresh in most minds as the succulent Gallic women they left behind.

Knowing considerably more about men than her offspring, Adrienne Rochette played on their nostalgia to the fullest. The four of them weren't enough to make a good chorus line, but in a small room their can-can went over big. So did the big supply of French wines that Rochette Sr. imported from La Belle. So did the scratchy phonograph records, the *Over Theres*, the *Poppies*, the *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* . . . among other touches. Their score wasn't just big—it was fabulous!

**S**HORTLY before the Saratoga season, in April of 1920, *The World* carried a feature story that drew a typhoon of criticism from pillars of New York society. Twenty men had been found in "inebriated condition and many of them completely nude, dancing and punching each other over four French women who called themselves ladies."

The story was only partially correct. They were all drunk, almost nude, and only two men were fighting. The fight was, as long as it lasted, a pretty good one at that. A former major general and a former PFC, both of excellent families and millionaires in their own right, be-

gan swinging at each other as a result of rehashing Belleaux Woods.

The girls immediately improvised ■ ring with some furniture and pillows as the PFC roared defiantly. "You brass button bastards got us slaughtered Advancing in his bare feet, he dug a hard right to the general's midriff and ■ left hook to the jaw The girls stood around drinking champagne—not one interfered as the general went over ■ console, broke a wall mirror and came up licking blood The PFC waited, a perfect gentleman with his hands held high, and his voice reiterating his original claim The general came in low, weaving One shoulder dropped The feint worked perfectly. The general brought up a 200-pound haymaker and the PFC went sailing backward, over ■ couch and completely through the salon window

He was neither hurt nor killed. But he was cold as the devil standing in a driving rain with so much skin showing. The general exercised his prerogative and bellowed, "Lock the bum out! I'm here to enjoy myself."

Locked out, the hapless ex-soldier was shortly picked up by a paddy wagon. Unthinkingly, he asked for his clothes. The cops broke down the door and the rest was a matter for society scandal.

**C**URIOSLY, nothing harmful resulted from the publicity. It put the four Rochettes smack on the front pages, and their names and patriotic *foie de vire* evoked only the highest praise. Adrienne and her gorgeous brood were made. They took Saratoga by storm, being wined, dined and feted by the horsey set. Their fortunes increased at a corresponding rate.

It was Mama Rochette's thinking at the time that they should move to more elegant quarters. Their fifteen rooms were on the crampish side now. But the girls out-voted her four-to-one. Adrienne yielded to the numbers. Just about the only thing that Mama Rochette didn't yield to was the fundamental principle of how many women would "entertain" in her home. She was dead set against distractions.

"There are five of us," Adrienne would rail. "Five of us can entertain as many men as can fit in this establishment."

She was right there, too.

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#377  
#377-351  
#377-352

NEW! "IT'S YOUR MOVE" • Not for squares! These queens are in search of a king. Nobody cares much about checkers, but these luscious brunettes will move you.

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NEW! "TEACH ME TO STRIP" • Pat Hall and Heidi Hill are shown as teacher and teacher's pet in a wild strip sequence, where they START OUT in G-Strings. Every little bump and grind is shown in detail by Heidi, an exotic dancer.

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NEW! "GIRL BANDIT" • Diana Lee sees pretty blonde Jamie Hilton asleep in the raw and pretends to be a bandit, leaving her without a stitch to cover her.

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**T**HE house on 92nd Street came perilously close to having its doors permanently barred when, in July of that year, a number of baseball players from the Giants and Braves teams were found cavorting wildly through the four-story mansion. Their excuse for being out of uniform—out of everything, for that matter—was the heat. They said, through a spokesman, they were trying like hell to beat the heat. Madam and her chicks had their pictures taken again. The rebuttal: patriotism, screamed their attorney. After all, baseball was America's favorite outdoor pastime. Madam Rochette and daughters four were only trying to become better Americans. The fact that they'd taken out first papers for citizenship helped immensely. The case was thrown out. Madam gave a statement to the press:

"Zey are sharming. So young, so virile, so impetuous . . ."

There were other tidbits of notoriety, each progressively saucier. New York's James J. Walker was photographed emerging one autumn morning. He climbed into a cab, exhausted, bags under his eyes, his shirt in shreds. His only comment to the reporter who was tipped off as to his whereabouts was:

"A man can only take one night like that in a lifetime. . ."

**A**ll the names of their patrons became bigger and better, their fortunes likewise continued to rise. It was rumored that the five insuperable Frenchies had a couple of millions in cash and half of Wall Street in a vault. The stories were embroidered out of reason, Adrienne asserted hotly. They had; between them, all together, counting stocks and cash, no more than a million.

There was one wild party in the house on 92nd Street that never made the editions of New York's press. Secrecy shrouded the Easter soiree that Adrienne and her chick-aides tossed for the then French Ambassador and staff. Dressed as five luscious Easter rabbits (gir rabbits), they hippetted-hoppetted through an incredible number of rooms, pursued by would-be male rabbits.

Not long after, they appeared at the Embassy in a somewhat more formal regalia. It was, as far as anybody knows, the first and last time that five women received France's coveted Legion of Merit medals. Adrienne, Gigi, Roxanne, Clairette and Suzzy—they all got it!

"I think we go to Europe," Adrienne announced one day. Standing before the street window in her negligee, she pointed out five reporters waiting in a doorway. "Privacy, she is no more."

**T**HAT was the truth. In a sudden, unparalleled burst of modesty,

they boarded the *Leviathan* under assumed names and "escaped" unmolested by newspapermen. It wasn't for a week that New York discovered the hoax. Their usual haunts—Saratoga Spa, Palm Beach, Asbury Park, New Orleans, et al—turned up nothing. Then a cable was opened by the night city editor of the old *Globe*, a gentleman who'd frequently defended their right to play in his editorial column. He wrote the story of their departure in eight-point type, etching the column in black.

"New York and the country have lost five wonderful, lusty ladies, I fear for good. Their contribution to society was hard to pinpoint, at best, but it was something that will doubtless never be duplicated. Having known all five intimately (and I don't care if I lose my lousy job)—all I can say is *Vive la France!*"

There are conflicting stories as to what actually became of the fabulous Rochettes. One version from Cannes said they overturned in a speedboat and drowned. Another asserted that the deposed Moroccan monarch, Mulji Hafi, blew their collective brains out in a fit of pique. The last and most likely was a brief item with a Paris dateline. "Madam Rochette and daughters have retired from public life. . . Whether this meant they retired because of marriage or what, nobody knows. Nobody will ever know. The house on 92nd Street was torn down about the same time to make way for an apartment house.

Inasmuch as the Rochettes were gone it seemed the decent thing to do, anyway. ■

## BLOODY TEETH

(Continued from page 41)

on was Mrs Linders' cat, *Felix catus*, a big, stiff-legged, coal-black alley variety named *Cleopatra* managed somehow to get passed through customs. Personally, the idea of trucking around a chorus-looking blonde in big country appealed to me as much as spooking a timber rattler. Gorguous women like to be pampered and a deer camp's not much of a setting for pampering. Added to this was *Cleopatra* who was, I shortly learned, very much in heat. Mike Linders had his problems and my sympathy.

"Jim, think it's wrong for an old buck like me to take a twenty-six-year-old gal for a wife?" Mike asked me sort of vaguely the season before. "There's thirty years difference in our ages."

I used that old bromide, "What's the difference if you're young in mind, Mr Linders?"

It was, properly, the correct, the diplomatic reply.

I suspected that Mike Linders wanted to hear precisely those words.





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There are certain things (amenities, some people call them) expected of a wilderness man—certain things his clients want to hear and other things, generally the truths, that they want no part of. I never went out of my way to false-flatter a hunter. But I never went out of my way to antagonize him, either. As a professional hunter who ate regularly, the result of a fairly bustling trade in hunters and fishermen, I was well versed in tact—I had to be.

**I**N the year since I'd seen Linders—the first time he came up with three crones—I noticed that some of the joy had gone out of the old boy. He'd sounded right enough in his reservation letter, but who can tell much from something on paper—especially something from a guy you hardly know? That day he flopped out of the plane he looked a lot older than the guy I'd gotten a buck for the year before; he looked emotionally pooped—as if the little woman was really pouring the coals to him.

"Lil," Mike beamed. "Meet the best damned guide in New Brunswick!"

"He means one of the luckiest," I grinned at the blonde "HL."

"Mike's told me so much about you, Jim," she held out a warm hand and gave a very warm squeeze. "I can see what he meant about the best—"

I thought, *Watch it, mister—she is Trouble!* And when Linders took me aside and said he thought it was just possible his office was going to try to get hold of him because of some pressing problem, I thought for sure that old man Linders was losing his marbles. It was about that time that the big mink-coated blonde walked into customs and claimed her female cat. I said nothing. I had enough to think about without worrying about her blasted cat.

"It's a long sixty miles, Mrs. Linders," I explained as I carried their bags to my four-wheel drive wagon. "And a rough sixty miles. Let me apologize now for the bumps—there'll be plenty of 'em!"

"Mike's told me all about it!" She laughed lightly. "I'm really conditioned to the rugged sports life. I spent all last week walking around Central Park Reservoir."

**H**ER cat got one whiff of me, spat defiantly and curled up in the blonde's mink. Nothing much more happened for a couple of days except for what big Lillian Linders wanted to happen. She gave her spouse a real bad time of it in a subtle way and I felt sorry as hell for the old man. He made the mistake of telling her to keep her cat in the cabin.

"That black sonuvagun's in heat, Lil! Every wildcat from here to Maine's going to get the urge—I's positively unsafe letting her out!"

Unfortunately he made the mis-

take, too, of turning to me for corroboration. I nodded in agreement. That got her down on me just as bad. Or at least she made it *seem* that way in front of her husband. In front of me, manner speaking, she was just her old happy self full of a sexy cable sweater. Lillian Linders was a woman. Unfortunately, more woman than her new husband—my friend—could handle.

Maybe Mike sensed that little storm that Lillian was cooking up. Maybe that's what he had in mind all the time. Still he played it straight, leaving the door open to temptation but never actually giving his wife *carte blanche* although by inference it certainly seemed that way.

"Go ahead without me," Mike flopped out before the open hearth with his morning coffee. "Weather's getting in my bones. I'll save my energy for the deer—"

"They better show up soon or I'll have to give you a rebate."

"No rebate necessary, son," Linders grinned. "I'm having a good time just watching Lil take in the great outdoors."

**L**IL? She made a big show of lunging around a rifle, but in front of me, a bigger show of herself. And all the time, Mike calmly went along smiling cryptically and sipping his coffee or whiskey. I knew there had to be trouble sooner or later.

We shared a twenty-by-thirty cabin, a two-roomer, so thing I'd knocked up a few years ago before passing my guide's exam. My own capabilities in life were pretty hard to pinpoint. I thought I knew people and could handle them; I thought I was a pretty fair hunter. Single, thirty-three, operating a hunting and fishing business in the black since '45, the story of my life was essentially the story of a man without a hell of a lot of ambition but one who was lucky enough to make a living and enjoy it at the same time.

Maybe Mike intentionally wanted to use me to square away his wife; maybe it just seemed that way. A normal man can only take so much arm twisting and something's got to give. The situation came sharply in to focus a few days afterward. Joe McInnis, closest neighbor with a phone, trucked down to camp with an "urgent" for my client. Seemed Linders was needed in New York.

"No point in spoiling your fun, honey," Mike kissed his vixen. "I'll only be gone a few days. Maybe by then the weather'll improve and the deer hunting'll improve—"

"I doubt it," I said candidly.

"You know what, daddy?" Lillian smiled. "Maybe you've got a point there. For the first time in ages, I'm beginning to enjoy myself."

"That's right!" Mike smiled back. "Enjoy yourself."

"You'll be back when, sir?"

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"Oh in a few days," Linders said casually. "See if you can put some color in Lillian's face. Hike her plenty, son."

**L**ILLIAN went on petting her black cat, Cleopatra, and looking like one herself. I gave them time alone by going outside with McNinis. He glared at me.

"You mean he's leaving her alone with you?"

"That's what it would appear to be. And what the hell," I glared right back, "do you think I'll do to his woman?"

"I ain't thinking about you, Jim—it's her! She's trouble six ways from the ace of spades and you know it!"

"Don't know anything of the kind. Joel's his wife and her goddamn black cat are his troubles. I got my own!" McNinis snapped, "Okay! It's your funeral!"

Prophetic words, I must say. Joe took Linders back to Moncton Airport for me. It was Linders' idea; didn't want to go fouling up his wife's big game hunt. I kept my distance for the better part of eight hours, but that night before the open fire I got nailed. Tried though; I tried like hell! Lillian Linders got a belt out of that.

She started off slow like a gathering storm. I was working up a fire, fixing some of Linders' special steaks that he'd flown in because the New Brunswick meat and he weren't on speaking terms. I was kneeling in front of the fire, stone sober, feeling a twinge of regret for the old man. Her cat, Cleo, usually scratching to get out and mix it up with some of the native wildcats, suddenly was lying beside me purring loud and contentedly. In her room Lil was humming *I'm Gonna Love You Like Nobody's Loved You*. The setup was perfect, only I still wanted no part of it—at least the noble man in me didn't.

"How's it coming, Jim?" Lil called. "Fine. Ready in a minute. Hungry?"

"You kidding?" the blonde laughed. "All this red-blooded fresh air, all the footwork for nonexistent deer—you kidding?"

**T**HE next time she spoke I was lifting the steak and setting it on a wooden platter. The wine and candlelight were her idea. The only thing I contributed was a fresh shave and clean shirt. I called:

"Come and get it."  
 Blonde hair brushed against my face. I looked up as Mrs. Linders mumbled:

"You're damned right I will!"

She pulled my face up against her red, parted lips and kissed me like I was mountain water and she was dying of thirst. Around daylight we ate the steak...

Cleopatra got into the act a few days later. She slipped out of the

cabin and within minutes half the bobcats in New Brunswick knew it. I knew it because I was driving a patch of hardwoods above a stand where I'd stationed the blonde. All of a sudden Cleo howled and took off through the woods, a black streak followed by a half dozen male wildcats all fighting mad to do the honors. But Cleo escaped through a window in the camp and I got down there in time to shoot three of her would-be lovers.

Lil was shaken. Not half as much as her cat, but shaken. I tried to talk sense to her; tried to get the cat out of camp, but she wouldn't listen. Cleo was curled up in the blonde's loving arms, black, sleek and putting out her love musk. I didn't realize it at the time. It was the same outfit Lil used in the field, and cat musk literally saturated it!

Could be it was the weather that prolonged our hunting fiasco—the weather turned cold. Cleo's musk got the deep freeze abruptly, and her wildcat suitors with less of wind to go on, kept away. Mrs. Linders remained affectionately mine. She wasn't a bad gal. Playful. Liked the luxuries of being married to a rich man old enough to be her father, but unable to find satisfaction unless she got away from home. Her week in camp was "a happy one," she said tearfully. I had no complaints, either. Even my guilty conscience went away after a while.

**T**HE morning that our little relationship busted wide open started out like all the rest, except that it was warm and the deer were blating like crazy in the timberline. Big bucks snort and cut up like mad when they're running does, and if you've heard enough of them crashing through the woods you know the sounds. I told Lillian to dress and hurry down to the stand; told her that I was going to drive the ridges and see if I couldn't spook one down to her.

"Must I?" she giggled. She was sitting up in bed, blankets covering her full, ripe body. "Must I get out in that goddamned cold again?"

"It's not cold, it's warm. And I think maybe it's a good idea," I grinned. "Your old man will be coming back any time—why not show him a deer?"

"The things I go through to keep you happy!" the blonde groaned and grabbed for me. I shook her off. I told her to be down in the blind in thirty minutes. She groaned again. I took off. "Men!" I heard her say. Men and their goddamn deer—

Thirty minutes later I was pussy-footing around in the high ground, finding deer droppings. I thought I pushed out a buck as I was coming up, but I couldn't be sure. I was still following the steam of the high ground where it dipped to some giant ledges and then sprawled out into

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the barren scrub below, hoping to shove the deer right into Lillian's gun. Something else reached her first.

THE first time I heard ■ I wasn't sure—then I listened. Damned if the wildcats weren't running the blonde! Incongruous thoughts tore through my mind as I heard the sudden, effusive howling of the cats tearing in at Mrs. Linders' stand. I wasn't sure what brought the cats this time, then I remembered the deep freeze and how, suddenly, overnight, the weather had thawed some. *The big blonde smelled like her pet to those wildcats, and they wanted her!*

The sharp crack of her carbine echoed in the timberline like autumn thunder. She fired all six shots. Then she was screaming and I was taking off down the wet ledge rocks like a greased rabbit. The louder she screamed, the faster I slid.

Brambles and alders whiplashed my face as I slid down the jagged talus slope. *If the dame gets killed you'll fry, Melton. Get down there—break your neck getting down there, but get there!* my brain howled. I saw Lillian Linders briefly, a flurry of yellow hair and sheeting blood mixed with a pack of slashing wildcats.

"I didn't fire; didn't dare to I cut my hands to bloody shreds, tore the bottom out of my hunting britches, but she finally heard me:  
*"Take 'em off! Take off your clothes, for God's sake, woman—"*

**A**BOUT two hundred yards separated us. But I couldn't shoot. It was impossible to shoot without hitting the blonde. She was ringed by wildcats—short, chunky New Brunswick cats averaging twenty-five pounds apiece. I counted eight of them in that fraction of a second left to us; I screamed the order again. The cats looked up at me. The blonde ripped open her blouse as the first cat hit her.

"Meito—shoot!"

My client was scared, but she was no dope. She hit the ground as I squeezed on the first free wildcat. The animal did a somersault as the 30 hit him and like wolves, the others turned about and started tearing it to pieces. I ran frantically, I covered that span of field, running and snapping off six shots in rapid succession. Then I jerked my hunting knife Mrs. Linder was rolling on the ground, her blouse off, the cats shrieking and tearing it to pieces and themselves.

Fangs and claws ripped our throats in those few moments. The cats wanted me because wildcats will kill anything, any size, if sufficiently provoked. They had the girl down and were lacerating her with a murderous desperation, digging their claws in for a foothold and then

burrowing with incisors and ripping. I had a vision of the blonde under a welter of sheeting blood with cats hooked to her body as she stumbled to her feet and shrieking, whirled about like a dervish with the cats hanging on and, if anything, biting deeper. I saw one cat with its snout burrowed in the blonde's chest, crimson founts bubbling up from the shredded mangle that was now a red oozing cavity.

On the ground she had both fists hooked to the hairy throat of a big gray that was rooted to her scalp, lancing and laying it open and spilling her blood into the grass. Myself, I got it then I kept flailing and screaming, slashing with the knife. A cat hooked two forelegs around my right wrist as the knife went straight through it.

"Die! Die!" I howled "Die you bastards—"

**M**Y had was a sponge of blood, in my own, and the cats' as they slashed into the blonde. She was groaning and writhing on the ground and as I fell over her, trying to hack the needed death that had her, my own throat became the object of consummate hell. I couldn't protect her and myself both. My throat was suddenly hit by a blur, a snarling, spittle-drooling blur of gray that sent spirals of agony through me like a contortionist, I lay on my back, both feet in the air trying to shift the juggling weight of a big whiskered monster that was stuck fast to one boob and biting through Warm, soupy blood gurgled in my throat as another hit me and then others, turning from the prostrate form beside me, as cats do always when something "interesting" moves to intrigue them.

I was it. I flailed out blindly, howling in terror, blood and fur sudden in my mouth as I bit down on the brittle legs that skewered my jaws. The last thing I saw was a cat hooked to my chest with all fours, burrowing intently, looking up at me with a rag of bloody skin in his mouth, then burrowing again.

I WASN'T around for the finish. But Joe McInnis, my neighbor was. Thank God McInnis returned to give me a message. He found the blonde and my remains. The message? Old man Linder was arriving that same night. McInnis wanted me to break it up with the girl. I didn't have to—the cats took care of every last little detail. They didn't leave enough of her to recognize. Lil died en route to the hospital; I sweated out four months, six plastic surgeries and an operation that gave me a new throat. A hunk of tube, to be precise.

Old Linders paid the bills. That was only right. In one fell swoop, Linders divested himself of his wife and me of a living. But he was nice.

about it all. He paid all the hospital bills and gave me \$10,000 against a suit. Hell, the way I look at it, I'm lucky. I had a stacked blonde for a playmate and death had me by the tail, all in one week. Cleo got pregnant, by the way. Linders wrote me a letter from New York; said Cleo got nailed by a wildcat. Asked did I want a kitten? I was civil, but firm. I said go to hell and let it go at that. ■

## SEX THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 31)

the initiative—protest—thereby picking up the ball and running with it.

NOT ONLY Mary's greeting but also the way she dresses for the occasion is a pretty good barometer of Joe's chances for what one book on lovemaking calls "sex-cess." It needs no expert to tell that if Mary dresses seductively, femininely—in clothes that accentuate the swell of her breasts and the enticing curves of her thighs—this is a good omen, indeed.

More difficult to assess is the girl who dresses primly, in a way that de-emphasizes her femininity and hides her sexuality. This girl can hardly be expected to fling off her clothes and wiggle stark naked between the sheets. "She's probably afraid of sex," explains Dr. Lamont, "therefore she uses clothes to disguise her sexual self. They proclaim to the man that she rejects his maleness, and they provide her with an armor—or, more to the point—a barricade."

A woman's clothes are an important signpost in another way as well: how does she act in them? Supposing that as she sits, Mary keeps pulling her dress down so that it won't show the upper part of her legs or knees. Joe might assume that she doesn't want him to think her sexy, doesn't want him to get any bedroom notions. Joe might then give up the idea of trying, but he would be missing a golden opportunity.

According to Dr. Lamont, the woman who keeps pulling her dress over her legs is actually—and constantly—calling attention to her legs. She is, in his words, "thinking sexually."

Now take the opposite type. Suppose Mary not only doesn't worry about how much of her body the dress hides, she actually sits sprawled in a way that exposes a hell of a lot of her. Would Joe be right in thinking that he's got it made?

The answer is—surprisingly enough—that his chances are practically nil. When a girl sits in what Dr. Lamont calls a "manly or tomboyish position," it's a definite rejection of the guy she's with. It means she doesn't think of him in sexual terms at all, and—worse yet—unconsciously thumbs her nose at his masculinity! There's damn little to be done with this kind of girl—at least from a strictly male point of view.

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# Draw The Lumberjack



Dr. Lamont," points out that other significant clues can crop up during the course of the evening—clues that should be recognized by every man who wants a glimpse of his woman's secret sex attitudes. Dr. Lamont has divided them like this:

**PURSE FUMBLING.** Most men have come across the type of girl who keeps fiddling with her purse or pocketbook throughout the evening. She'll open it, close it, toy with the items it contains, bend the strap, and so on. Yes, this girl is nervous. More to the point, what's she nervous about?

Likely, this particular girl has become aware of her date's intentions. She knows he's got only one thing in mind and that he can hardly wait to reach for it. Her mind, however, is still undecided. As they say about elections, it's so close it can go either way. Fumbling with her purse is simply visual proof of the conflict going on inside of her. It reveals to the world just how important the situation is to her. The worst at this point is to force the play; your friend should simply ignore her nervousness. "Make no comment about it at all," urges Dr. Lamont. "Otherwise it forces her decision too early in the game—meaning that he'll never get to where he wants to go."

**PAPER SHREDDING.** This one has the compulsion to tear into tiny bits any old matchbook cover or scrap paper she can find. At first glance it might just be another way of showing nervousness. It isn't. Far more subtle forces are at work in the girl who has to rip paper as she sits across from her date.

Consider it as a blatant exhibition of tension or anxiety. She, too, knows that the evening might end the way of all flesh—and the thought frightens her. Sex—at least in this moment and with this man—frightens her. Is this bad? Of course, it can be. But a little tact, patience and reassurance will go a long way with this girl. The results will prove that it has been time well spent.

**HAIR TOYING.** This is a common gesture. In fact, most girls sometimes touch their hair or toy with it when they're out with a man. There's a clear-cut reason behind this act. In psychiatry, male hair is a symbol of strength, female hair a symbol of femininity. The girl who keeps putting her hand to her hair is, in Dr. Lamont's words, "holding on to her femininity." In other words, she's insecure about herself as a woman. When she reaches for her hair, she's really reaching for proof of herself as a sexy, feminine individual. This is obviously an encouraging sign.

Now it's time to return to Joe and Mary. During the course of the evening, Mary has exhibited one or more of the above gestures and Joe has reacted accordingly. There's no doubt that he's done well for himself because at the end of the evening she invites him up for a cup of coffee. Now, this is a most hopeful sign but it must not be taken for granted that success is in the offing. As the old saying goes, there's many a

slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—and the only cup Joe is holding to his lips at the moment is the one with instant coffee in it.

At this time, Joe must pay particular attention to the trend of the conversation. Does Mary somehow bring the talk around to her former boy friends? There's a strong chance she does. If so, Joe has one of the best clues yet to the way the evening will finally go.

The girl who feels a need to talk about her former boy friends is telling plenty—about herself. For one thing, she's giving a sales talk—something like, "Look, all these guys came panting after me; I'm pretty hot stuff."

States Dr. Lamont, "But the girl who has to make a sales talk is really very insecure about herself. She's giving herself a build-up, trying to prove she's no slouch in the male-female department, maybe even hinting she's no virgin."

She's doing something else, too: specifically, testing the man to see what he'll do about the competition she's parading out of the past. In other words, she has created a kind of field of battle, rivaling her present date against the men she's been with previously.

Now, it must be apparent to everyone that a girl who unconsciously goes to such lengths is very likely a girl who unconsciously wants to be won. The man who doesn't catch the signal at this point, is likely to strike out, when, if he'd just swung the bat, it would have been a homer.

Aloof with Mary in her apartment, Joe has to watch out for one other bit of sign language. That bit is centered around Mary's delectable knees. Does she, as is true of so many girls, keep her knees pressed tightly together? If the answer is yes, it means that she's unconsciously blocking off her sexuality—in other words, keeping the door of passion tightly sealed.

Bad? No, just the other way around—excellent. The fact that she's so desperate about keeping the door sealed means only that her date has a highly sensual effect on her, that he's projecting a very sexy image. As Dr. Lamont puts it, "By keeping her knees so close together, she unconsciously announces, 'I do not want to extend a sexual invitation to him.' Yet no woman would think so intensely about not inviting a man unless she actually feels she might like to invite him. For her male friend, therefore, it's a sign that tells him he's one step further towards his goal."

So far along is Joe, in fact, that at this point we leave him to follow his own techniques. After all, a woman can speak silently for just so long. If the man has heeded her signs, if he's interpreted them correctly and acted accordingly, then at last she'll announce unmistakably the only one he's really been waiting to read. That is—the welcome sign.

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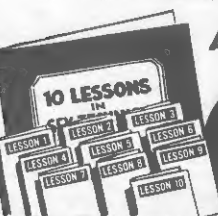
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**Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

**Answer:** Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

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**Question: How do I know it works?**

**Answer:** There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

**Question: Who are some of these people?**

**Answer:** The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries... almost anyone you can think of.

**Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?**

**Answer:** Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?**

**Answer:** I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 333 E. Lange St., Mundelein, IL 60060.

No salesman will call

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dep 203-38, 333 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,  
HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐